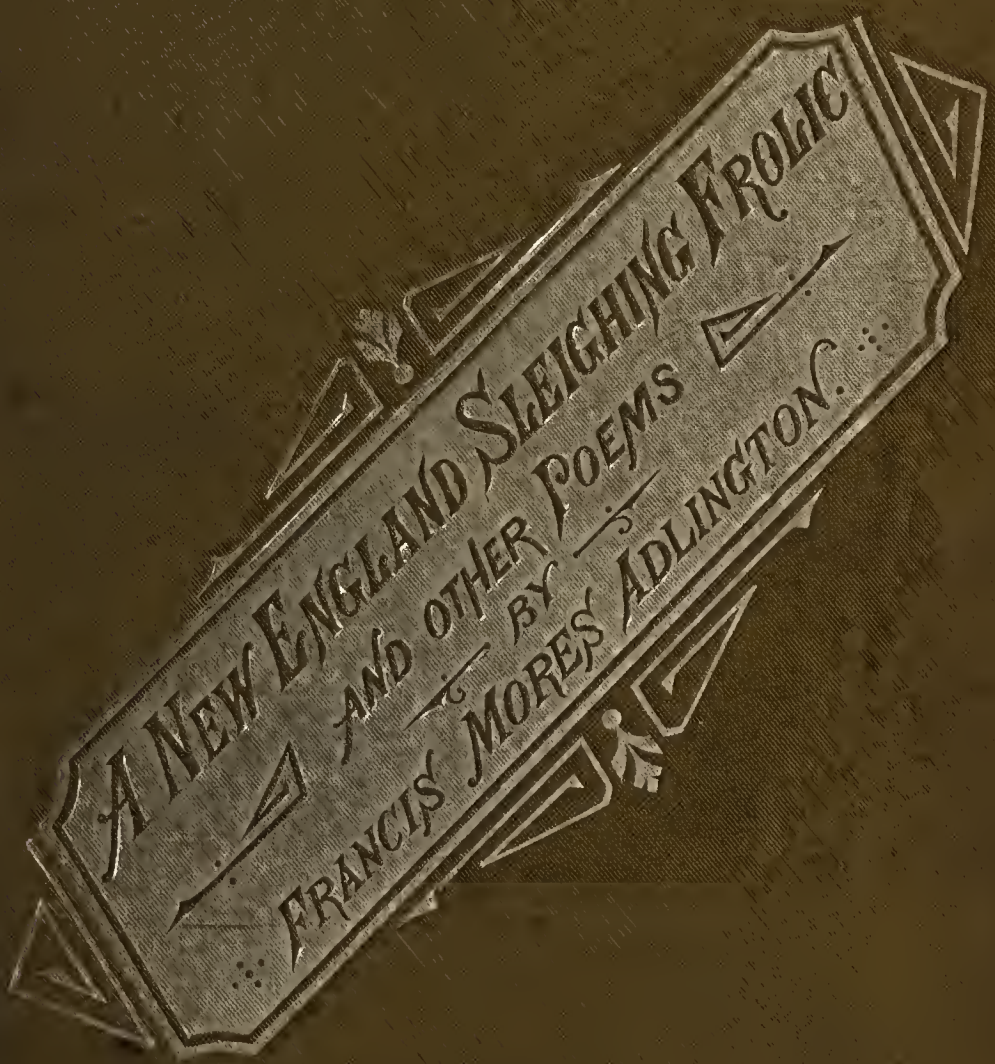

A New England Sleighing Frolic
and other Poems
by
Francis Mores Adlington



"A NEW ENGLAND SLEIGHING FROLIC"

AND OTHER

POEMS

BY

FRANCIS MORES ADLINGTON.

EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION, BY HIS DAUGHTER,

AMEY M. HILLYER.

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DEDICATION.

IN LOVING REMEMBRANCE OF MY FATHER, THIS VOLUME OF POEMS IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED TO THE KINDRED AND FRIENDS WHO HAVE SO CORDIALLY AIDED ME IN CARRYING OUT HIS LIFE-LONG WISH.

—AMEY M. HILLYER.

Introduction.

FRANCIS MORES ADLINGTON, the author of these poems, was born in Temple Street, Boston, Mass., Dec. 24, 1789, "just as Christmas Eve was passing over into Christmas morning," and died in Weymouth, Mass., on Palm Sunday, April 6, 1884.

His father, Elisha Adlington, was of English birth; his mother, Amey (Mores) Adlington, was of Scotch descent. "Both parents handed down traditions of noble blood with their family coat of arms."

His mother was devotedly attached to the Church of England, into which Francis Mores was baptized at a very early age. It was, therefore, eminently fitting that the dear old Mother-Church should give him her final benediction at his burial, ninety years afterwards.

His mother was early left a widow with eleven children, and Frank was placed in the employ of an English

gentleman, a wholesale merchant in Boston, named Rogers. His duties were various and agreeable, but he preferred to learn the tailor's trade, and served his apprenticeship with Hubbard Oliver. In a tender and grateful poem he says of him: —

"Thou wert a father to my youth,
A kind and generous friend."

After setting up in business for himself he married, in 1812, Mary Turell, of Boston. She died in 1821. In 1824 he moved to Weymouth, and, in 1829, married Abigail Whitman Benson, of that town.

The most marked trait in his character was his patriotism. His father's home, in Boston, was the rendezvous for the old Revolutionary heroes and their families, and many were the stories related around that old hearth, which were listened to by attentive ears, and which inspired his boyish heart with an undying love of country. When the Nation called, in 1812, for aid to protect her sons on the seas, he eagerly sprang forward, the only volunteer in his company; and although in our late sad Civil War he was too old to go himself, his spirit had so inspired his sons that all four volunteered. The first to enlist was Scott, his youngest-born, who died, soon after the first battle of Bull Run, from disease caused by exposure and hardship.

The oldest son, Henry, was the next to fall. He had remarkable powers of endurance, and used facetiously

to write home: "I am something like a camel; when I have anything to eat, I eat it, and when I have n't I go without." Out of a whole regiment, he was one of seven who stacked arms after a long and wearisome march. He was taken prisoner and sent to Richmond, where he was offered good wages and rations if he would stay and work at his trade, that of a shoemaker, for the rebels. He said, "No; I will die first." He was sent to Salisbury Prison, N. C., and in one month's time died of starvation. "These were the times that tried men's souls."

The third son, Stephen, died soon after peace was declared — the sad sequel of war showing as many victims as the bloody battle-fields.

The only surviving son, Alfred, served in the Massachusetts Heavy Artillery.

The author's religious belief was broad and catholic. He trusted in "God as the Father of all, whose loving-kindness knows no end." His faith in Him was boundless. He inherited from his parents a bonny spirit. The storms and trials of life never quenched his unfailing cheerfulness, nor caused a gloom to settle for any length of time upon his face. "*Nil desperandum*" was his motto through life. His temper was fiery, and sometimes uncontrolled, but his disposition was kind and loving; his manners those of the old-school gentleman, — courtly and refined.

His Scotch blood was shown in his fondness for home

and kin. Especially were the children of his own household dear to him, and he would never allow their rights or pleasures to be interfered with. He used to say, "They can have but one childhood; let it be a happy one." Even in extreme old age their noisy merriment never disturbed him, and many were the quaint Scotch, Irish, and Yankee songs that he used to sing to please them, with a manner and expression irresistibly telling and unique. He was known as "Grandpa Adlington" to all the boys and girls in the village, many of whom visited him for a flower, a song, a poem, or even a kind word Young maidens delighted to hear him recite his favorite poems, or to beg him to compose one for them for some special occasion of gayety. He always sympathized with them in their joys and sorrows, showing his heart was ever young. A most affecting scene occurred just before his burial, when about fifty school-children came to the house and filed in slowly, tearfully, and reverently to look once more upon their old friend.

His life was one of toil and poverty, yet through it all the poetic Muse cheered and comforted him in many a sad and lonely hour.

He wrote over 1,300 poems, not including a play of some length, which was lost by a friend to whom it was loaned for criticism.

His earliest published poem was written on "Woman," in whose praise he always sang. It appeared in the *Ladies' Magazine*, Boston.

Not many authors have written so few lines they could wish unwritten. His pen was always on the side of Freedom. A friend and admirer of Garrison, he often contributed to the columns of the *Liberator;* a strong advocate of temperance, his songs rang through the country in the old Washingtonian times. An old lady said to me: "You need not think your father will ever die; he is living in too many hearts for that." Then she sang, in a voice as clear and high as a girl's, song after song of his that she used to sing in the old Washingtonian meetings.

Many of these poems were written for personal friends for seasons of joy, or to console afflicted hearts, and are of too personal a nature for the public eye; many were of temporary or local interest; of the remainder, about 400 were selected for publication, but finding they could not be gathered into one volume, only about 165 are here presented to the public.

It has been a difficult task for me, his daughter, to perform this work of love. Odes for the Fourth of July that I have heard him sing with all the fire of '76, songs, hymns, and poems, are so filled with his personality, that I cannot disconnect them from the old man singing or reciting them with a spirit fired by love, patriotism, or adoration. I cannot positively say that the starry-eyed hepatica, the first spring flower which greeted my eyes in childhood, is really more lovely than the trailing arbutus which you, my friend, love above all others.

I only know it is filled with sweeter memories for me than any other; so I leave with you this cluster of

> "Words that gush freely and warm from the heart,
> Untrimmed of their beauty by fashion or art,"

and hope they may be a joy to you, as they have been to me.

A. M. H.

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Author's Introduction.

Is this a poet's harp of mine,
 Where rude, unstudied wild notes play?
To me it seems a harp divine —
 But what will Mrs. Grundy say?
Hear me, old beldame! from my youth
 I've sung as Nature stirred my veins,
Not asking thee, but only truth,
 To give the key-note to my strains.
I sought no polish, learned no art;
 My wild notes, of the wildest kind,
Came freely ringing from my heart —
 I simply sung or spoke my mind:
Of statesmen, heroes, kings, and priests;
 Of patriots and of traitors sung;
Of scenes where glowing Fancy feasts;
 Or where my heart-strings fondly clung.
My fate was with the poor, untaught;
 To earn my bread my daily lot;
My muse, a native, came unsought,
 To cheer me in my humble cot.

My heart was with the poor and brave,
Who struggled that they might be free.
My prayer was for the toiling slave ;
My idols, Love and Liberty.
My country evermore was dear ;
No traitor thoughts e'er crossed my brain :
I loved her with a soul sincere
As ever breathed a patriot strain.
Time passes ; I am agèd, now ;
But ere the Reaper claims his prey,
Of my wild carols I would know
What now will Mrs. Grundy say ?
Her verdict is not always just,
But from it there's but one appeal —
Time, that performs a sacred trust,
Reviews and sets a final seal.
So, Mrs. Grundy, though unschooled
In flat'ry, I address you now :
Though you have fooled, and been befooled,
I tread your courts, and make my bow.

HYMNS

His Precious Name is Love.

There's One my soul desires,
Whose dwelling is above:
There's One my soul admires,
Whose precious name is Love —

A love that knows no changing,
A love that has no end,
Through all creation ranging,
To every one a Friend.

"With cords of love I'll draw thee,"
I hear my Father say:
"To cleanse thee and restore thee,
I'll blot thy sins away,

"No more to be remembered;
The ransomed soul set free,
From sinful flesh dismembered,
To ever dwell with Me."

Unnumbered hosts are meeting;
From every clime they come,
With songs of gladness greeting,
For God has called them home.

No voice is heard of sadness,
In His bright home above,
But peace, and joyful gladness,
With Him whose name is Love.

Dec. 9, 1848.

Hymn of Thanksgiving.

To Him who was dead, yet in heaven is living,
To Him who died for us, we offer thanksgiving.
Oh, praised be His name who the death-bands hath riven,
And opened for sinners a pathway to heaven!

With hearts full of love, by His mercy recovered
From sin's thorny path, where the death-angel hovered,
We lift our glad voices, in humble endeavor
To praise Him whom God hath exalted forever.

Now swell the loud anthem, awake the sweet timbrels,
Blow, blow the shrill trumpets, and strike the bold cymbals,
To Jesus, the conq'ror o'er death's gloomy regions,
To Jesus, the Saviour of earth's ransomed legions.

The heavens shall echo, the angels shall listen,
The stars at His name with new luster shall glisten,
While *His* and *our* Father looks down from above,
And unites in the praise of the child of His love.

The Birth of Christ.

Give me, my God, the seraph's voice
To sing my faithful Saviour's worth:
Bid the united world rejoice
With songs of everlasting truth!

Hark! on the breeze, methinks, I hear
The harps of heaven to music wake.
Dear Father, let them sound more near,
Till earth to its foundations shake.

Bright morning, hail! the Saviour's birth
Gives the despairing sinner hope.
Bow down, yé heavens; and thou, O earth,
To grace the princely Victor, stoop!

For you He lived, for you He died,
For you He kindly intercedes;
By His own virtue deified,
At God's right hand for you He pleads.

Bright Minstrels.

(Christmas Hymn. Tune — "America.")

Bright minstrels, who to earth
Announced our Saviour's birth,
In words of love,

Again your voices raise,
And, with our humble lays,
Mingle the note of praise
To Christ above.

For us He left the skies,
A willing sacrifice, —
Our gen'rous Friend:
All hail the jubilee!
Where Christian altars be,
Our Saviour, Lord, to thee
Let praise ascend.

Loved image of thy Sire,
While all the angelic choir
Thy name adore,
May grateful mortals bring
An off'ring to their King,
Pure hearts thy praise to sing
Forevermore.

Oh, blessèd be His name
Who bore the sinners' shame,
And made them free.
Praise to the faithful Friend.
Whose mercies know no end;
Let heartfelt thanks ascend,
Dear Lord, to thee.

1851.

Let there be Light.

'Twas night; the world in darkness lay;
Chaotic earth had known no day.
The voice of God the planet shakes —
"Let there be light"— the morning breaks.
Oh scene sublime, when radiant skies
First opened to the angels' eyes!

"The morning stars together sang;"
The arch of heaven with music rang;
The angelic choir lift up their voice;
"The sons of God with shouts rejoice."
But hark! their golden harps are thrown
Aside for notes of sweeter tone.

God speaks — when, at His great command,
Appears the dry and fruitful land;
The parted waters, trembling, flee,
And broadly rolls the teeming sea.
Aloft in air bright clouds appear,
And all are echoing, "God is here!"

Ah! well might angels joy to view
The bright, green earth, the sky's clear blue,
The rising sun's resplendent light,
And all things beautiful and bright;
While hill to hill, across the flood,
Repeats God's words, that all is good.

Feb. 21, 1843.

Truth.

Men will applaud you when you think and act
As they would have you; but diverge a mite,
They will denounce you — you will be attacked,
No matter whether you are wrong or right.
Trust not too much for others to advise;
Use your own mind; be prompt to duty's call;
Know that the wisest are not always wise;
Let conscience guide, whatever may befall.
Some will commend you, some will take offense;
Let nothing move you from your honest way;
There is a triumph yet for common sense,
For truth, the promise of a brighter day.
Though modest Truth in pigmy form appears,
And speaks as soft as is an infant's sigh,
Yet has she strength that giant Error fears,
A voice to silence e'en the loudest lie.

June 9, 1847.

Christian Confidence and Peace.

(Tune — Auld Lang Syne.)

How happy is the Christian's heart!
No gloomy doubts has he;
In song or prayer he takes his part,
Confiding, Lord, in thee:

Confiding, Lord, in thee for good,
 Confiding, Lord, in thee;
In prayer or praise he takes his part,
 Confiding, Lord, in thee.

The sorrows which he used to know
 'Midst Superstition's night,
Have fled before the cheering glow
 Of radiant gospel light:
Of radiant gospel light divine,
 Of radiant gospel light;
His doubts and fears have fled before
 The radiant gospel light.

When tried amid afflicting scenes
 Of sickness, grief, and care,
On God's eternal love he leans,
 And yields not to despair:
And yields not to despair his hopes,
 And yields not to despair;
On God's eternal love he leans,
 And yields not to despair.

Assured that He who came to save,
 His mission will fulfill,
Like Peter on the faithless wave,
 He trusts the Saviour still:
He trusts the Saviour still to save,
 He trusts the Saviour still;
Convinced himself he cannot save,
 He trusts the Saviour still.

Sabbath Morn.

Even in our solitude praise we the Lord,
Where the harp and the viol are not:
Our hearts with the wild notes of nature accord,
And the Author is never forgot.

When zephyrs are kissing the rose of the vale,
The sweet fringe of the frolicksome rill,
We drink the rich odors that float on the gale,
And our bosoms with gratitude fill.

And when the red lightning is rending the oak,
We shrink not disheartened away;
'Twas the voice of our Father, in thunder, that spoke,
And commands us with rev'rence t' obey.

The morn of each Sabbath the cheering bell's sound
Invites to the Ancient of Days:
Our hearts to the echo with gratitude bound,
And we love to unite in His praise.

Come to the Altar of our Lord.

(Tune — Iola.)

Come to the altar of our Lord,
Whose emblem is the dove,

And tune your hearts with one accord
To Him whose name is Love,
To Him whose name is Love.

How pleasant 'tis, assembled here,
To call Him by his name,
And know that all our souls are dear
To Him who bore our shame,
To Him who bore our shame.

To feel that all of Adam's race
Are brethren in the Lord;
That all shall see the Saviour's face,
According to His word,
According to His word.

Come to His altar, brethren all;
None are excluded here:
Obey your gen'rous Saviour's call,
And love shall banish fear,
And love shall banish fear.

Lift up the trumpet loud and shrill,
And waft its notes above,
Till echo cries from every hill,
Our God — our God is love;
Our God — our God is love.

Trust.

Though poverty don't make a poet,
With some exceptions, here and there,
The class is famed — the records show it —
For seldom having cash to spare.
Who ever saw a poet fat?
Not theirs the aldermanic form:
The threadbare coat and napless hat
Is still the poet's uniform.

The poets always have been poor,
And I am poor as Job's old turkey:
My time-worn boat must keep in shore,
And breast the saucy waves no more.
What follows, then? Must I be murky?
Not I; for if I may not sail,
I'll paddle close along life's river.
Then, if my efforts won't avail,
I know a Friend who will not fail,
And He's to all a generous giver.

He gave me life, and, good or ill,
Whatever ups or downs o'ertake me,
His sacred promise He'll fulfill,
"Fear not, for I am with thee still,"
He said; "I never will forsake thee."
There is a Pilot at the helm.
In faith regard His words, and learn ye
That He controls this mighty realm,
"The waters shall not thee o'erwhelm,"
And through the fire, it shall not burn thee.

Thus far His promise has been true;
I've 'gainst the elements contended,
Have been both fire and water through,
And kept His promise still in view,
And He has still my life defended.
In faith I hold His promise fast,
And will, while I have life and reason.
I'll nail my colors to the mast,
And patient bide the driving blast,
With hope, through his appointed season.

The timid weakling may despair,
But better far the firm endeavor
For what may happen to prepare;
Suppose the worst — e'en that to dare,
And bend the neck to fortune never.
Huzza! aloft my colors fly;
Misfortune, I'm prepared to meet thee:
My motto never to say die,
But try again, and try, and try,
And faith, Misfortune, I shall beat thee.

Nov. 12, 1870.

Love the Lord.

"Love the Lord!" our teachers cry.
Love him, teachers? Tell me why.
Is it that we here are found
Lab'ring on the rich man's ground —
From the cradle to the grave,
Toiling, toiling like the slave? —

Suffering sickness, want, and pain,
Ever toiling still in vain,
Flouted by the rich and proud,
Jostled by the thoughtless crowd? —
Subject to the cold world's frown,
Not a foot of earth our own,
Where we may unchallenged tread,
Or unlicensed earn our bread? —
All that God has made so fair,
Fraud, and force, and cunning share.
For a life precarious lent,
Must we say we are content?
Victims of the plague and sword,
Must we praise and love the Lord?

Yes, for know His promise sure —
All who faithful shall endure,
In a better world than this
Reap the joys of endless bliss.
Time shall pass, like night, away,
Ush'ring in eternal day:
Patient bear life's transient ill,
Love the Lord, and trust him still.

We Cannot See Our Father.

We cannot see our Father —
Our eyes are all too dim;
Nor can our fancies gather
A form denoting Him.

Yet His loved voice is near us
Where'er our footsteps rove ;
It whispers He can hear us,
And tells us He is love.

Within, around, above us,
His works are felt and seen,
Convincing He must love us,
Or thus they had not been.

Had all His fruits been hateful,
Did all we touch give pain ;
Were ev'ry view deceitful,
And jargon ev'ry strain ;

Were ev'ry flower that sprouted
A stench within the grove, —
Ah ! then we might have doubted
If God indeed were love.

But thanks to Thee, our Father,
Thy works Thy goodness prove ;
And while Thy sweets we gather,
We feel that Thou art love.

God has been Here.

There is a wise and mighty one,
His works around are seen ;
And everything we look upon
Proclaims He here has been.

To me, it seems the quiet earth
On which we thoughtless tread,
In whispers now ascribes its birth
To God, who gives me bread.

The flowers that blossom in the field,
Though springing from the sod,
Bear witness, while their sweets they yield,
They are the gift of God.

Each little shrub whose leaf-clothed arms
Amidst the sunbeams play,
The mem'ry of a God embalms,
That light and heat obey.

The water in the little brook —
What is it? I inquire.
In vain I read the chemist's book!
What's water? what is fire?

We know them only by the name,
Yet need them ev'ry hour;
And these in thunder tones proclaim
A wise and mighty power.

Have they intelligence? can they
Go forth or come at will?
No; there's a Power they did obey
That can control them still.

This hand, so cunningly contrived,
So wond'rously designed,
Were proof, if that alone survived,
Of superhuman mind.

A greater than these eyes have seen
 Its Architect must be ;
Its mighty Author must have been
 A Father kind to me.

Yes, ev'rything that meets the eye
 Declares there is a God,
From the bright worlds that deck the sky
 To this unfinished clod.

Man has no Dwelling Here.

There is no land the eye can trace,
 No spot, however dear,
Where man can fix a dwelling-place
 And say, My home is here.

The earthquake's voice may warning give,
 The whirlwind sweep it clear ;
Earth has no place where man can live
 And say, My home is here.

The strongest tower may be o'erthrown
 That mortal hands can rear :
Man has no place to call his own
 And say, My home is here.

The sunlit hill, the shaded glen,
The lightning both can sear:
There is no place on earth where men
Can say, Our home is here.

The deepest mine is no defense, —
The fire-damp slumbers near:
A breath may warn its tenants thence —
Man has no dwelling here.

But there's a place beyond the skies
The Saviour will prepare:
The pure in heart can lift their eyes
And say, Our home is there.

Hark! again the Angel Throng!

(Christmas Hymn.)

Hark! again the angel throng
Seem above our heads to sing,
While their music floats along,
Making heaven's high arches ring:
Peace on earth, to men good-will!
Sounds of gladness floating still.

Years on years have passed away
Since that ever-honored morn;
Still we hear the angels say,

Peace on earth! the Christ is born.
Round the world the echo flies,
Echoed by the listening skies.

Favored mortals, who believe
Jesus came the world to save,
Gave his life that you might live,
Died to triumph o'er the grave,
Loud the grateful anthem raise,
Glory to our Saviour's praise!

Spread the joyous tidings round
With the holy day's return;
Far as earth's extremest bound
Let the distant heathen learn,
Till is heard from every voice,
Christ is born; rejoice! rejoice!

To Mr. ——.

Believest thou the Eternal will
Consign a soul to hell,
And can'st thou hope, while doubting still,
All with thee will be well?

How knowest thou the Eternal's mind,
Or that thou sharest His grace?
How darest thou hope in heaven to find
At last a resting-place?

If one, if only one, be lost,
What proof thou art not he?
Wilt thou, presumptuous sinner, boast
That there are worse than thee?

The best that e'er as man was known,
That e'er on earth has trod,
Declared that none were good, save one —
That one the Eternal God.

Thy debt, perhaps, thou thinkest light,
When with some brother's weighed;
But He who holds the scales aright,
Knows all things He has made.

Some, reared and taught by pious men,
Pass saintly on their way;
Some, born within the pirate's den,
Are taught to rob and slay.

Had these a different culture proved,
The saint, perhaps, had been
A fiend; the thief a saint beloved:
God sees behind the screen.

If one be lost thy chance is small,
Though millions round thee stand:
One righteous God has made them all
And holds them in his hand.

If one be cast to endless woe,
How can I trust in thee,
My God, since none on earth can know
But that one I may be!

Or if another, his dread cries,
His agonizing groan,
Would make a discord in the skies,
And shake the eternal throne,

No longer with the angelic choir
Would Mercy's plaudits swell;
But Echo, on her sounding lyre,
Would ring the cries of hell.

Is this the place that Christians love,
Where Mercy forth is driven?
Is this the mansion of the Dove,
The Saviour's boasted heaven?

Ah no! if sympathy be there,
If charity endure,
Our souls shall witness no despair
That mercy will not cure.

The Saviour's hand from every eye
Shall wipe away the tear;
Shall stifle ev'ry rising sigh,
And quiet every fear;

While ransomed millions gather round
To praise the sinner's Friend,
And heaven re-echoes with the sound,
"Thy mercy has no end."

Nov. 10, 1849.

Judah.

Shall Judah's sons, though scattered wide,
And crushed to earth by countless ills,
Like worthless chaff be cast aside,
Far, far away from Judah's hills,
Forever, say, forever?

And shall Jehovah's promise made
To Abram, Isaac, Jacob, fail;
Shall all the Heaven-wrought visions fade,
While Judah's daughters weep and wail,
Forever, say, forever?

Ah no! the promise of their God
Will gather Judah's scattered race,
Redeem the desecrated sod,
And purify the holy place,
Forever, aye, forever.

Again shall Judah's hills resound
With shouts of joy, and songs of praise;
The dead shall live; the lost be found;
And God will justify his ways
Forever, aye, forever.

May 27, 1870.

Right and Wrong.

Right is right, and wrong is wrong,
By whomsoever done —
By the magnificent and strong,
Or weak and lowly one.

Might gives no right to do a wrong:
Not to the mightiest of the strong
Does the impossible belong —
The right to do another wrong.

Shall we impute to the Most High
An act that none could justify,
And then, in common, sense despite
Say that the glaring wrong is right?

"All souls are mine," Jehovah said:
The weakest soul that He has made,
Howe'er transgressing and defiled,
Belongs to God — it is His child.

In His own image it was made,
And still it bears its Father's seal:
No hostile power can make it fade,
Or make His signet's stamp unreal.

And will He cast His own away,
Neglectful of a Father's care,
Doomed everlastingly to stay
In agonizing, dread despair?

Believe it not; it is a lie,
Framed to dishonor the Most High,
And lead poor worms, to 'scape the rod,
To feign a love through fear of God.

For who could love a tyrant power,
Who on their heads might ruin shower,
Or doom the friends they loved so well,
To never-ending, burning hell?

April 26, 1879.

MISCELLANEOUS

Introduction to Miscellaneous Poems.

I was born in the City of Notions;
My father, a barber, d'ye see,
Took part in those fearful commotions,
That made this the land of the free.
The Britons he took by their noses,
And lathered them up to the eyes;
With powder not scented with roses,
He gave them a dressing, likewise.
My mother was Scottish descended,
My father of English extract,
And when the two races are blended,
They make the real Yankee in fact.
Yankee's * the Indian for English, —
I'm proud of the title I own;
Nor would I its honors relinquish,
For all in the gift of a throne.
Since six years of age I have struggled,
Sometimes most severely, for bread;

* The Indians called the English Yankish; hence, Yankies, Yankees.

What little I know has been smuggled
Clandestinely into my head.
A tailor, a soldier, a trader,
I bustled along with the crowd;
Dame Fortune, I never obeyed her—
Of course I was never endowed.
She urged me to carry two faces,
To speak what my heart must deny;
I could not acquire those graces,
And therefore bade Fortune good-bye.
'Tis fifty long years since to rhyming
I took, in the natural way;
Sometimes with adversity chiming,
Sometimes with the happy and gay.
And now my white hairs are increasing;
Time flies since the first I could tell;
But as there of life is no leasing,
Ere long I must bid you farewell.
Then farewell each sister and brother,
And every loved object adieu.
New England, my idolized mother,
My heart never wandered from you.

View of Boston Common.

(Written a long time ago by the Author, then a Boston boy.)

I sat me on the *wishing-stone*, *
And gazed upon the scenery 'round;
'Twas early day, and I, alone,
Sweet solitude delightful found.

I gazed upon the steeple† tall,
That lifts its towering head on high;
The firm-built fabric, tap'ring small,
A pillar seemed, to prop the sky.

The stately dwellings wealth had raised
Next met my view, and thus I said:
"Though high by human pride appraised,
Your beauties all must fade.

"Though firm your fixed foundations stand,
And seem at Time to mock,
The house that 's built upon the sand
Cannot the floods of heaven withstand,
Like that upon the rock."

* A large rock on the high land of the Common, long since removed. The school-boys were in the habit of dancing around it, ascending to the top and wishing, and sometimes their wishes would be gratified—hence its name.

† Park Street Church,—then being finished.

Each lofty tree whose spreading boughs
A cooling shade afford,
Its great Creator's power avows,
And owns its sovereign Lord.

The smooth, green plain, the distant hills,
My Father's goodness prove ;
And my glad heart with pleasure fills
With gratitude and love.

On this still morn the waveless stream
Now meets my roving eye, —
The mirror to each starry beam
That sparkles from the sky.

And now the burial-ground appears :
There rest, in silent peace, the dead ;
How often in my infant years,
I 've shunned the mournful place with dread.

There lie the relics of my friends,
Their coverlid the grassy sod ;
There, dust with dust incorporate blends—
The spirits rise to meet their God.

Now comes the glorious light of heaven,
Sol's radiant car, impetuous driven
High o'er the flitting clouds :
On yonder glittering vane, behold
His burning light, where thinnest gold
A baser substance shrouds.

'Tis like that kind of charity
Which bad men use for policy,
 To shield them from disgrace:
'Tis like a whited sepulchre,
Where all without looks fair and pure,
 While all within is base.

Now, as to gaze, I turn me round,
 An ancient dwelling meets my view:
There Hancock dwelt, the statesman sound,
 The patriot to his country true.

And now the State House dome I see,
 And see it with a freeman's pride:
There stands the proof that I am free,
 For there our chosen men decide

On what is just, and fit, and good
 To benefit the Commonwealth;
From my infantile days 't has stood
 A monument of freedom's health.

Ye honored halls, where graybeards join
 To guard what youthful courage gains,
Bright may your lamps of honor shine,
 'Till earth from its foundation wanes.

A Yankee Notion.

(Written soon after the Battle of Navarino.)

Think not because we're Yankees born
We love no other nation,
Or that we look with peevish scorn
On those in lower station.
We dearly prize our liberty,
And bravely we'll defend it;
But then to other lands, d'y' see,
We'd really like to send it.

Uncle Sam's a friend to all,
To all the folks in Nature;
But kinder feels a little tall,
And knows there's nothing greater.
So push about the Yankee toast,
"Here's luck to all creation;"
For though we love our own the most,
We've love for every nation.

And, firstly, there's our Fatherland,
With all its faults unmended;
It makes us feel a little grand
To think how we descended.
For little Vic, we like her well,
The while she keeps in order;
But then, she mus' n't think to tell
Of cap'ring round the border.

We give the hand to gallant France,
And wish her comfort doubled;
For us she raised her victor lance
When we were sort o' troubled.
Of Bonaparte, the cowards' spoil,
The idol France elected,
His ashes yet shall guard the soil
His courage long protected.

To Spain and Holland both we owe
A well-remembered favor;
And toward them both I guess we'll show
The proper kind of 'havior.
But when folks make a deuced fuss
'Bout who shall be their ruler,
We kindly tell them, copy us,
And keep a little cooler.

Of Belgium I little know,
But fear she needs defending:
Alike she bleeds from friend and foe
When Europe is contending.
Ah! when will men compassion learn
From Him whose blood has freed them?
The bad His heavenly precepts spurn,
The best too little heed them.

Of Germany, the learned and vain,
I scarce know where to find her;
She's such a kind of tangled skein
'Tis a puzzle to unwind her.

I only guess she would be free
If it should come in fashion ;
But wake the cry of liberty,
And Germany would dash on.

The Switzer, from his mountain field,
Looks proudly o'er the valley ;
Here Freedom lifts her jeweled shield,
And here her children rally.
The sea may o'er her valleys roll,
Her mountains be dismembered,
But while there lives one free-born soul,
Brave Tell shall be remembered.

How long, Italia, oh how long
Shall silken chains confine thee ?
Awake to Freedom's rousing song,
And let not Sloth supine thee !
I never yet have been in Rome,
Though long the Pope has waited :
He favors kissing — *I* do, some ;
This proves we are related.
But if I should a cous'ning go
Perhaps 'twould move his laughter,
For if he offered me his toe
To kiss, I 'd tell him, Father, no ;
I 'd rather kiss your daughter.

How fares it, brother Ishmael,
The gallant desert rover ?
As free as is the wild gazelle,
And jealous as a lover,

Proud France can never conquer thee,
Though half the world abet her;
Brave Ishmael's armèd hand is free,
And spurns the Gallic fetter.

In Egypt something you may trace
Of those who used to fool it:
"The kingdom always will be base,"
Whatever chief may rule it.
Of plagues before, they had their share,
Sufficient to content 'em;
They've now the Lion * and the Bear † —
I guess that mammon sent 'em.

Of Greece I hardly dare to note,
Since I have heard a rumor
A fellow lived there once who wrote —
I think his name was Homer;
And as he was a fighting chap,
And something sort o' knowing,
I fear his ghost might burst its trap,
And give my muse a blowing.

Of Turkey — what a Yankee name,
And coupled with Thanksgiving —
Their fellows, to a chick, are game,
So let them have a living.
Of Mahomet they long have dreamed,
Their idol and their terror;
But when the press their brains have steamed
They'll wake, and find their error.

* England. † Russia.

The Indies,— Heaven defend the mark,—
John Bull, what are you doin'?
You 've scarcely left them half a sark, —
I fear you 'll prove their ruin.
Not all the wealth in all their mines
Can satisfy your craving;
Beneath your rule all India pines —
You play the devil at shaving.

The great Celestial Emperor
Is vexed with your terrestrials!
Vy, Vic, vy vot a vitch you are,
To vor vith the Celestials!
They do not like your nasty drug;*
And if you try to make 'em,
They 'll give you such an Indian hug
You 'll wish you hadn't waked 'em.
O Asia! what a wretched place
Since, by his heavenly warden,
The father of our sinful race
Was thrust from Eden's garden.

The Russian, in his whiskered pride,
'S a kind o' clever fellow;
His courage never yet denied,
Especially when "mellow";
But let him mind his own estate,
Nor outrage Freedom's charter,
Or he may find, when 'tis to late,
That he has caught a tartar.

* Opium.

Now bounce we back again once more
To Denmark, Norway, Sweden;
And here we find the people poor,—
They never had an Eden.
Yet there they smile amidst their toil,
And dance to pipe and tabor,
And battle for a rugged soil,
That scarce repays their labor.

And now for dear America
I take my ocean journey;
What 's doing at the South, I pray?
Can any one discern — hey?
Contending for they know not what,
And murdering one another,
I wish their demagogues were shot
For making such a smother.
The land is beautifully fair,
The people want converting:
We 'll send some missionaries there
To stop their bloody flirting.

But I am safe at home ag'in,
And nation glad am I, too;
I hardly think 'twould be a sin
If I for joy should cry, too.
There 's sorrow everywhere but here,
And here it 's all caressing;
I'd whip the dog who shed a tear
Unmindful of his blessing.

New England — land that gave me birth —
I cannot overrate her ;
A single rood of Yankee earth
'S worth all the rest in nature.

Monatiquot.

Monatiquot! thy winding stream,
That through green meadows makes its way,
Reflecting Sol's enlivening beam,
And sparkling 'neath his fervid ray,

I love on thy green banks to roam,
Where once the Indian mother smiled,
And, happy in her quiet home,
To ramble with her tawny child.

In thee she bathed the forest-born,
And taught him how to swim the wave ;
The wild flowers from thy banks were torn
For wreaths to deck her infant brave.

The light canoe on thy fair breast
She launched, and taught the sturdy lad,
With straining arms and swelling chest,
To paddle like his warrior dad.

And here the Indian taught his son
The herrings in his net to snare,

Or with his bow through woods to run,
To slay the wolf, and hunt the bear.

The white flint formed his hatchet then,
The bone his hook, the reed his dart;
And often now, amidst the glen,
Are found the relics of his art.

And here, upon thy quiet breast,
The sea-bird sheltered from the storm;
And here she built her sedgy nest,
And came her frosted wings to warm.

How changed the scene, Monatiquot!
Thy teeming waters roll the same;
But vanished now the Indian's boat,
And far away the Indian's game.

The white man tramples on the graves
Where warriors laid their chieftain down;
And o'er thy gently gliding waves
The railroad and the factory frown.

To-Morrow.

To the heart that can hope tho' o'erburdened with sorrow,
Futurity pictures relief from its pain;
But dismal to him are the thoughts of to-morrow,
Whose hopes in to-morrow have long been in vain.

The wretch to whom day after day brings but sorrow,
And adds to his mis'ry, already too great,
With terror expects that the coming to-morrow
Will bring some new grief to increase his hard fate.

And if, from the chances of life, he would borrow
The hope that Dame Fortune some good will impart,
That hope, as it fades from his view on the morrow,
Adds gall to the canker that preys on his heart.

In vain may you urge him to trust in to-morrow,
Whose wife and whose children are suff'ring for bread,
Or seek to plant hope in that bosom of sorrow
By telling him, "Verily, thou shalt be fed."

To hist'ry he'll turn, where the pages of sorrow
That many have famished too plainly reveals;
It may be the fate of his children to-morrow,
With frantic distraction his breaking heart feels.

In death he would seek a relief from his sorrow;
But who for his wife or his children would care?
Ah! who would watch o'er thee, my sweet ones, to-morrow,
If I should resign thee to grief and despair?

Say, would you preserve some poor mortal from sorrow,
And save his young loved ones from mis'ry and woe?
Go — go to his hovel *to-day*, not to-morrow,
And from your abundance a portion bestow.

In vain may you hope that assurance he 'll borrow
From Him who the "widow and orphan will save."
Hope flies from his bosom; despair on the morrow
May seize the poor victim, and bear to the grave.

1847.

To Poverty.

Some sing the praise of Poverty:
Of that, perhaps, they never knew.
I question their sincerity,
And deem their plaudits all untrue.

Let others praise thee, — I will not;
I've known thee long, and far too well:
Companion of my humble cot,
No good of thee my tongue can tell.

I tried to drive thee from my door,
By lab'ring hard from day to day;
But you held fast forever more,
To thwart my course and block my way.

In diff'rent ways my skill I tried
To oust thee, but my purpose failed;
For all my efforts you defied,
And 'gainst my every scheme prevailed.

The wise man long ago declared
Thou wert the ruin of the poor;
And ill enough by thee I 've fared
Since first you entered at my door.

Could I but drive thee from my cot,
My thanks would make the welkin ring:
Let others praise thee; I cannot,
Thou most unwelcome, ugly thing.

The Exile.

On St. Helena's desert isle
A captive lives — the warrior chief;
His fate excites the coward's smile,
But fills the soldier's heart with grief.

I've seen him in the fight engaged,
Like Hector dealing death around;
And where the thickest battle raged,
There the undaunted chief was found.

I've seen him when the fight was o'er;
Seen vanquished kings for pity kneel;
Seen him their conquered lands restore,
And Mercy sheath the warrior's steel.

But now their fetters hold him down;
His breast is bare, his sword is broke;

And each who owes to him a crown,
 Aims at his heart the deadly stroke.

O base Ingratitude! thy sting
 Can deeper, deadlier poisons dart
Than all the evils life can bring
 Besides, to wound the noble heart.

They've sunk the royal warrior's fame;
 They hate him, but they dare not kill:
All Europe trembles at his name —
 A lion caged 's a lion still!

Should war convulse the world again,
 And Fate his heavy shackles break,
His thunders on the battle-plain
 Would make all Europe's monarchs quake.

If once again on Gallic shore
 He treads, and heads her gallant band,
He'll never go an exile more —
 His tomb will grace the Gallic land.

St. Helena.

On hoary Neptune's mountain pillow,
 Rocked by the ever-fretful wave,
Beneath the consecrated willow,
 Repose the ashes of the brave.

No kindred round his tomb were weeping,
While 'neath the sod his corse was laid:
In this rude grave at last he's sleeping
Whom half th' astonished world obeyed.

Yet shall the mem'ry of his glory
Survive till Nature's final doom,
And this famed isle, in future story,
Be known but as Napoleon's tomb.

Winter Scene at Weymouth.

(On Sunday morning, after the sun-rising, the trees and shrubs, being coated with frozen rain, presented a scene of remarkable splendor.)

The diamonds! oh, the diamonds!
They are strewn upon the land,
Ten thousand, thousand glittering gems,
Magnificently grand.
Of every fashion, form, and hue,
They sparkle, change, and glare —
The red, the orange, green, and blue,
And tints of beauty rare.

My garden seems a fairy bower —
Each shrub a jeweled crown;
It seems as though the stars had poured
A shower of diamonds down.

Not all the jewels kings and queens
To deck their persons wear,
Can with this frost-gemmed cedar-tree
In elegance compare.

Old oaks that still their leaves retain,
With shade of modest brown,
Are frosted o'er with glitt'ring gems,
That hang in garlands down.
On every twig and grassy mound
A beauteous jewel shines,
And fairer never yet were found,
Within the Indian mines.

The frost, and rain, and sun have given
Such countless jewels birth,
It seems almost a waste of wealth,
To tread them in the earth.
The sun, who brightens every gem,
Will melt them in an hour;
But He who made the sun and them,
He only can restore.

Thou great Mechanic! mighty One!
To whom this scene we owe,
What gems must lighten round Thy throne,
If thus Thy footstool glow?

The Answer.

How came you to marry old Donald, friend Jane?
I'm sure you can't love him — you must be insane!
I wonder you had him; but tell, if you can,
What led you to marry that ugly old man?

I'll tell you; perhaps when you've heard what I say,
You 'll not think me crazy, so listen, I pray:
In kindness he's father and mother to me;
I feel like his child when I sit on his knee.

A guardian and teacher he walks by my side,
And well I can trust in his wisdom to guide;
He 's brother and sister, and uncle and aunt;
He knows all my need, and supplies every want.

My nurse and physician, companion and friend,
He loves and respects me, and will to the end.
You say he's an old man, but, Kate, I 'll engage
He 's younger than many men not half his age.

You say he is ugly; can that be the case
When goodness shines through every line in his face?
For more yet I love him, and were he not true,
Although you jeer me, I 'd not trust him with you.

Beside the Wood.

The lark arose on his airy wing
To carol away the morn,
To the whist'ling plough-boy cheerily sing,
And mock at the turtle's moan.

The eagle had mounted in the sky
To gaze on the god of day;
With a fearless wing and unblenching eye
He soared in the solar ray.

The little red robin was perched on a tree,
Pecking at cherries so fine;
The gabbling geese 'gan reveille
In concert with the swine.

The gallant cock led forth his dames,
And stretched his clarion throat
With a voice that e'en the lion tames —
Triumphant victory's note.

The thirsty herds came thundering down,
To quaff their morning fare;
The monarch oak scarce shook his crown,
So light was the zeph'rian air.

'Twas there — 'twas on that lovely morn,
Down by the copsewood side,
A beauteous maiden caught my eye,
And I wooed her for my bride.

I praised her for her sparkling eyes,
That like to diamonds shone,
And, like all lovers, vowed, with sighs,
To love but her alone.

With modest look and downcast eye,
A struggling smile and tear,
She asked me, with a half-born sigh,
"Are you indeed sincere?"

"By Him who guides yon rising sun,
And hears the lover's vow,
If you regard me, lovely one,
No other nymph I 'll woo."

She gave her hand, she gave her heart,
That precious gem resigns,
And now I would not with her part
For all Golconda's mines.

Beside the wood our cottage stands;
There peaceful comfort reigns:
No tyrant lordling there commands,
No sufferer there complains.

But there, our baby on her knee,
My dear loved Judy smiles;
Her cheering notes ring merrily,
And passing time beguiles.

A stately elm our cottage shades,
And from a bending bough,
Our friendly neighbors' youngling maids
Are swinging to and fro.

The birds have caught their laughing notes
In all the woods around;
With music from their swelling throats
The echoing hills resound.

Small fruits, that little fingers stain,
In plenty here we find;
While blooming flowers along the plain
Perfume the balmy wind.

The ducks are swimming on the lake
That empties in the bay;
And in the distance, through the brake,
You'll glimpse the ocean's spray.

Our fisher's boat, old dancing Bet,
Is anchored on the ground;
While hooks and lines, and spears and nets,
Are utilized around.

Our petted dog is resting near;
Though sleeping now he seems,
No sound escapes his listening ear —
A sentry in his dreams.

Nor sin nor sorrow vex the heart
In our surroundings here;
Fair Nature, lightly touched by art,
Makes all things bright appear.

From envy, strife, and tumult free,
The latch-string out the door,
Health, plenty, love, and liberty —
Ah! what could Heaven grant more?

Dec. 3, 1879.

Adieu to My Harp.

Oh, I will quit this harp of mine,
For it hath sung to souls unfeeling,
Who heeded not while sounds divine
Were o'er its strings harmonious stealing.
Go, go, my harp; neglected, go;
For thee no tears but mine will flow.

Thy plaintive strains they would not hear,
They had not hearts for heavenly pity;
And vainly to the adder's ear
I sang my melancholy ditty.
Go, go, my harp; thy sounds divine
Have thrilled no human heart but mine.

The murmuring brook went soothing by,
The silent woods appeared to listen;
The echo answered with a sigh,
But not a human eye would glisten.
Go, go, my harp; neglected, go;
For thee no tears but mine will flow.

And must I, then, thy charms forsake,
And of thine only friend bereave thee?
Yes; sleep, my harp, no more to wake;
'T will give me pain, but I must leave thee.
Go, go, my harp; thy sounds divine
Have thrilled no human heart but mine.

Memory.

Where'er we are cast on the ocean of life,
The scenes of our childhood we never forget;
Our early companions, in pleasure or strife,
Are fixed in our memories, and nestle there yet.

The dead and the absent, though oceans divide,
The unseen of years are impressed on our brain;
The objects we cherished return to our side,
And we live with our loved ones the past o'er again.

Before me stands one to my early days known,
To others he bears the impress of Old Time;
His features to me, as though chiseled in stone,
Preserved in my memory still bloom in their prime.

I see the young boy, with his bat and his ball;
"Huzza for a frolic!" he halloos in glee:
He answers my whistle, and comes at the call;
I see him the same as he once was to me.

We meet now but seldom; for fortune has placed
A distance between us not often passed o'er;
Yet oft that wild youth in my memory embraced
Is present, and makes the blood tingle once more:

His brow may be wrinkled, his hair may be gray,
Yet memory will paint, with the pencil of truth,
The boy as he was when I met him at play —
The selfsame light-hearted, wild, frolicsome youth.

And here the young nymph who my fancy first won,
Though long since departed, I think of her yet,
And shall till my race in this world shall be run —
For time cannot make me her image forget.

I see her as oft I have seen her before,
The dear little romp, as she frolicked along ;
And grieve that in fact I can see her no more,
Or listen again to her wild caroled song.

Oh memory! how precious a blessing thou art
'Midst trials and sorrow! and never in vain
I seek from thy treasures a balm for the heart,
And bring the departed to bless me again.

Friendship.

Friendship, peculiar boon of Heaven,
The noble mind's delight and pride ;
To man and angels only given,
To all the lower world denied.

Thus sang one poet, but we find another
Has differed very widely from his brother,
Declaring friendship to be but a name ;
But friendships differ — all are not the same.

The kind he censured we may well be sure
Was not the genuine, the sound, and pure ;

For this, when active, wheresoe'er we find,
Promotes the happiness of human kind.

Man does no act from pure, unselfish love,
That does not to himself a blessing prove ;
And he who to the suffering lends his aid,
Will be with a fourfold requital paid.

That kind of friendship that no test has stood,
That seeks its own more than a brother's good,
May prove at times so selfish, cold, and tame,
It scarcely is deserving friendship's name.

The true will prove its worth in trial hour,
And great, when wisely used, is Friendship's power
To soothe, to strengthen, cherish, and defend :
Man knows few blessings like a faithful friend.

'T was one great gift to man from heaven above,
And second only to the gift of love ;
When these combine, to man, from Eden driven,
They give in this hard world a glimpse of heaven.

Damon and Pythias were true friends indeed ;
Each for the other willingly would bleed :
On them death's terror no relapse could make ;
Their confidence no circumstance could shake.

This raised the admiration of their foe,
And drooped the arm upraised for deadly blow.
With virtue for its base, could friendship true
A haughty tyrant's cruel heart subdue.

Though scenes like this in modern times are rare,
Still friends with friends each other's burden bear;
And hearts with hearts together will entwine
As firm as in the days of "Auld Lang Syne."

Then let us cherish friendship here on earth —
For surely first in heaven it had its birth;
And let no human being e'er despair
Who has a friend on earth his grief to share.

Dec. 25, 1877.

Never Say Die.

Never say die, though the last plank is sinking;
Boldly strike out and contend with the wave:
Ne'er like a coward be whining and shrinking,
Hope for good fortune — she favors the brave.
Cling to her wheel; it is constantly turning:
Upward, look upward, and manfully dare.
Men by experience still must be learning;
If you fail, try again, never despair.
Never despair while a spark of life tarries;
Stand by your flag, though in tatters it wave:
Still be your motto, whatever miscarries,
"*Nil desperandum*," the flag of the brave.

Nov. 5, 1859.

Know-Nothing.

Who would n't be a Know-Nothing
In these degenerate days,
Where Solon's wisdom would n't bring
A pennyworth of praise;
Where folly rules the vaunting class,
Where Liberty is sold,
And he who owns a face of brass
Commands the purse of gold.

Who would n't be a Know-Nothing,
Where politicians fret
Because, beneath the eagle's wing,
They can't an office get;
Nor make old Uncle Sam believe,
While grov'ling at his heel,
The things they 're striving to achieve
Are for the public weal.

Who would n't be a Know-Nothing,
Where speculators thrive
Like drones, who only ply the wing
To rob the workers' hive;
Who stand between us and our food —
The gift that God has given —
Who quench the fires that warmed our blood,
And toll the gates of heaven.

Who would n't be a Know-Nothing,
Where doctors disagree,
While quacks their countless nostrums bring
To cure the fiddle-de-de ;
Where poor folks lack the man of skill,
When cash is low or out—
More fearful of the doctor's bill
Than fever, stone, or gout.

Who would n't be a Know-Nothing,
Where pettifoggers ply
Like hissing snakes, the venomed sting,
To wheedle, lure, and lie.
And plead against a righteous cause,
For lucre, without shame ;
Or turn, and twist, and stretch the laws
To win a rascal's fame.

Who would n't be a Know-Nothing,
Where ladies nothing know
Except to waltz the mazy ring,
And dress to catch a beau ;
To set their caps for popinjays,
To flaunt their stylish gear ;
To fish for undeservèd praise,
And at their neighbors sneer.*

*The author confesses that the satire on woman is entirely unmerited by any lady of his acquaintance, and will only apply to such as he has read of in novels and romances.

Who would n't be a Know-Nothing,
 Where all religions fight ; †
Where each would make the other swing,
 And few regard the right :
Where peace-pretending rev'rends foam
 Like bullies in a ring ;
Who would n't rather stay at home
 And be a Know-Nothing.

A Know-Nothing then let me be,
 If but allowed to guess :
Law, physic, love, and politics
 Are humbugs, more or less.

Did I of love as humbug sing,
 The true I could not mean ;
But that poor counterfeit, a thing
 So very often seen.
True love will in its mate confide —
 Will constant to it cling,
And to its harm, whate'er betide,
 Will be a Know-Nothing.

1856.

†" Where all religions fight." Those who prove their love to God by showing their love to man, are excepted, of course.

Give Me the Wild Notes.

Let scholars with study bewilder their brains
To wring out magnificent, college-taught strains,
And pester their muse till she sleeps o'er her harp,
A strain and a nod, then a trill and a gape,
Be't mine, when I woo her, my passion to show
By catching and kissing, and then let her go.

Those wonderful poems, exquisitely fine,
Though guarded each measured, grammatical line,
Yet make no impression that sticks to the head,
Though polished like silver are worthless as lead;
So strict to the rule and the plummet confined,
Deficient in naught save the image of mind.

Give me the wild notes like the bugle's — the wail
That moans like the forest when swept by the gale;
The words that gush freely and warm from the heart,
Untrimmed of their beauties by fashion and art;
Rough nature's wild notes at the free cotter's door —
The music that thrills through the hearts of the poor.

February, 1846.

A New England Sleighing Frolic.

The heavens above are filled with snow,
The earth is painted deep below

With snow and sleet, with sleet and snow,
'T is winter drear, ah me! ah oh!

But hark! what sound is that I hear?
The merry bells so full of cheer,
The flying sleigh approaching near,
Or passing by like Parthian spear.

Now girls and boys, in warm array,
Bring out and tackle up the sleigh;
Hurrah! hurrah! away, away,
Let Dobbin do his best to-day.

O'er hills and holes now see them fly,
Now sinking low, now mounting high,
And onward, onward, still their cry,
Their loud laugh ringing through the sky.

Now through the drift, hurrah! hurrah!
When over goes the flying car,
And heads and heels together jar,
But nothing breaks, their sport to mar.

Again they pack, and closer stow;
Push on, push on, hurrah! hollo!
And words of love, in whispers low,
Are drowned in shouts of "Here we go!"

The tavern gained, let Dobbin rest;
Now girls and boys your breeding test;
Strike up the music with a zest,
And see which pair will foot it best.

Now join your hands and make a string;
Now rigadoon and pigeon wing;
Salute your partners, that's the thing —
The smacks that make the ceiling ring.

Now down outside, the light *chassé*,
On springing toe and supple knee,
With sparkling eyes and motions free,
Fal la, fal li, fal lo, fal le.

See sprightly Bess and nimble Jim,
So neatly formed, so slick and trim;
How lightly o'er the floor they skim,
And few can dance like her or him.

Jemima trips on quivering toe,
And gives her hand to laughing Joe,
Who gripes it hard — I guess I know:
With him through life she'd like to go.

See thundering Sam, at pigeon wing,
Around the floor his Dolly swing,
So full of glee he's forced to sing
With voice that's like a trumpet's ring.

How quick the hours have passed away;
They've kept it up till almost day,
Till tired music ceased to play;
Then hip, halloo! bring out the sleigh.

Now homeward bound with mirth they hie;
Old Dobbin makes the snowballs fly;

And echo rings along the sky
With li fal la, and li fal li.

O loved New England! ever dear,
Amidst thy storms of winter drear,
Thy manly sports and jovial cheer
Are music to my heart and ear.

Thy sturdy sons and daughters fair
Are strong as steel, and lithe as air,
With hearts to feel, and souls to dare,
Unrivaled and beyond compare.

Feb. 4, 1854.

The Sanctum of Love, or Home and Hearth.

May be sung to the Tune of "Fair Harvard."

I will not forget thee, dear land of my birth,
Wherever my dwelling may be,
But here are my treasures — my home and my hearth,
A rest and a haven to me.

Cho.— The sanctum of love, and the Eden of earth,
Wherever, however we roam;
Our hearts are still with thee, our home and our hearth,—
Bright hearth and our ever dear home.

From toil and disquiet, vexation and care,
How charming our own open door:
The kind, smiling wife and the old easy-chair,
A kiss, and our troubles are o'er.

The monk in his cloister secluded may spend
His time o'er some musty old tome;
He knows not the charm of a kind, loving friend
To brighten a hearth and a home.

The bachelor, choosing his isolate lot,
To furnish a home may despair;
In hovel or palace where woman is not,
A hearth and a home is not there.

The search after pleasure full many have tried
While over creation they roam,
But miss of their object, where'er they abide,
Who lack for a hearth and a home.

O home, sacred home! the dear name has a charm
The earth and the heavens have blest:
On earth 't is our refuge from danger and harm,
In the heavens a mansion of rest.

The Storm.

A wild note 's in that thunder,
That bursting cloud is nigh,
And half creation's wonder
Lights up the trembling sky.
Like cracks in hell's dark portals
The zigzag lightning glares :
Now tremble, guilty mortals!
Now, sinners, to your prayers !

Look ! the red bolt, descending,
Has scathed the lofty spire,
The massive fabric rending —
The house of God 's on fire !
Below, the flames are raging,
The cloud a torrent pours —
These hostile powers engaging,
While heaven's artillery roars.

The house of God is falling —
By Heaven's own hand it falls ;
In vain the Church is calling
To save her temple walls.
That Power above which decked it
With jewels rich and fair,
Why doth He now neglect it ?
Iniquity was there !

He who in white robes dressed her
 Condemns her to the dust;
A spot is on her vesture,
 Hypocrisy accurst.
Her negro pew condemns her,
 The *poor* white had no place;
The Holy One contemns her,
 The Saviour hides his face.

Had righteous hearts maintained it,
 Had only one been found,
His goodness had sustained it —
 It had been holy ground.
But those who there assembled
 Forsook the narrow path;
Their worship, all dissembled,
 Awoke Jehovah's wrath.

There sat the proud oppressor,
 And there the artful knave;
And shall the Lord caress her
 Who fattens on the slave?
How vain is the pretender
 To Him whose eye can see!
How vile is the offender
 By base hypocrisy.

Sept. 22, 1849.

The Yankee.

(Tune — Hob a' Nob.)

Away o'er the river, the lake, or the sea,
A Yankee's a Yankee where'er he may roam;
And the land of New England — the happy, d'ye see —
Is his never-forgotten, his dear, native home.

Cho.— All, all for his home, 't is the favored of Jove,
And the land of the Pilgrims we honor and love;
Home, home, happy home, 't is the land of the free,
And our jolly New England forever give me.

Where Neptune rides over his waters of blue,
There floats the proud Yankee—his stripes and his stars;
Where interest or honor invites he 'll pursue,
And both are brought home by our brave Yankee tars.

To Europe, to Asia, to Africa go,
Their forests, their lakes, and their rivers explore,
The Yankee's light foot or his fairy canoe
Has graven some proof he has been there before.

The heart of a Yankee is faithful and sound;
His home and his country is stamped on its core;
And though he may wander the universe 'round,
His bosom will yearn for his own cottage door.

The home of his parents, his loved ones are there,
And quick beats his pulse as he touches the strand;
While pure from his heart flows a warm, gushing prayer
That God may watch o'er thee, his dear native land.

Cold water possesses no terrors for him;
The salt or the fresh like a duck he sails o'er,
And pledges his country and friends to the brim
In a can from the stream at his own cottage door.

Corn-Husking in New England.*

Our fathers were as grave a set
As e'er in social circle met;
Their num'rous pious acts will prove
Their hearts were fixed on things above.
Yet careful, as their deeds will show,
For all that 's useful here below,
Resolved their children should be free,
They labored for posterity;
But num'rous trials made them wear
The blended seal of hope and care.
Praise to the dead! a nobler race
Have never borne the human face.
The children of these staid old men
Can look quite sober, now and then;
At funerals or at church you 'll see
Them show their Pilgrim pedigree.
But Fortune, on this favored shore,
Has been so lavish of her store,

* Printed Oct. 11, 1856, but written long before — at least two years.

For one to look exceeding grave,
Would mark him now a crusty knave.
Our phizes have been getting short
Since Freedom her first lesson taught,
And more intent on fun and gains,
The quick blood dances through our veins.
The stubble in the field is seen;
No suff'ring wretch is there to glean;
The Indian corn, our country's pride,
Is in the barn, all cut and dried.

'T was night on Deacon Symon's farm;
Though cold without, within 't was warm.
The mighty chimney glowed with heat,
Yet in each corner was a seat,
Where Tom and Peter, Jake and Si,*
Could sit and munch their pumpkin-pie.
Assembled in the spacious room
Some thirty damsels in their bloom,
With here and there a matron's cap,
And some with infants in the lap.
The girls have had their quilting bee,
And all is frolic, fun, and glee;
But now and then an anxious eye
Looks on the door, intent, but sly:
They knew their sparks would soon appear,
To share the deacon's liberal cheer.
The deacon, — thrifty man was he, —
While maids and matrons held their bee,

* Josiah.

Had sent the boys a grand invite
To husking in his barn that night.
In calculation he was skilled,
Knew how one stone two birds had killed —
The husking party and the bee
At once, was good economy.
But now the door is opened wide,
And there's the deacon ; by his side,
And thickly clustering in his rear,
Some dozen likely lads appear.
They come their partners to secure,
And lead them to the husking-floor.
The heavy shawls are round them cast,
And no one wishes to be last ;
And now they march as gay a band
As ever walked the Pilgrims' land.
Old Symon's barn was long and wide,
And num'rous tenants there reside —
His horses, oxen, cows, and sheep,
Well-housed and fed, in quiet sleep,
But startled by the unwonted sound,
They look with staring eyes around ;
And well they might, for such a din
But once a year was heard within.
Before his guests a lofty pile
Of corn awakes the deacon's smile,
And, seated round, each girl and boy
Prepares both work and sport to enjoy.
Oh, hasty-pudding, hominy,
And johnny-cake, how good you be,
With milk and butter, fresh and sweet —
The Yankee's often welcomed treat !

The Indian corn supplies it all,
A blessing both to cot and hall ;
'T was you our Pilgrim fathers found,
By Indians stored beneath the ground ;
'T was you who, in their trial-hour,
Preserved them from gaunt famine's power ;
And we, their sons, will grateful prove,
By acts that demonstrate our love.
Now, deacon, fix the lantern right,
For husking needs but little light,
And well 't is known to every spark,
A kiss is sweetest in the dark.
Now crack your jokes, and work, and play,
And mirthful pass the time away.
But stop, my lass — a forfeit here ;
Don't hide it, 't is a right red ear
Of corn, and you my charming miss,
By husking laws, must pay the kiss —
Or if you will not pay the stake,
A dozen kisses I must take.
The deacon cries, " Put by that ear ;
I 'll plant it out the coming year —
For ' like produces like,' 't is said,
And, zounds ! I wish one half were red."
Now long and loud the laugh goes round ;
Another right red ear is found,
And forfeits fly around the stack
Till e'en the deacon gets a smack.
At length the lofty pile is down,
The husks are on the scaffold thrown ;
By willing hands the yellow corn
Is swiftly to the gran'ry borne.

And now the fiddler tunes his strings,
Each lad to meet his partner springs,
And all for dancing, wide awake,
They make old Symon's rafters shake —
And pranks and capers here are played
Enough to scare an ancient maid;
Till from the house a horn is blown,
And well its import here is known.
By careful dame the feast prepared
Is waiting by them to be shared,
And lads and lasses quickly fly
To taste the deacon's pumpkin-pie;
And goose and turkey, boiled and roast,
And pork and beans, and tea and toast,
And fowls and ham, and mutton steaks,
And doughnuts, puddings, pies, and cakes
Are smoking on the ample board,
And Symon looks and acts the lord;
A noble sample of the race
We back to England's patriots trace —
New England's yeoman, proud to toil,
To bless and guard Columbia's soil.

To the Moon.

I wish thou wert a living thing,
That I might tell thee how I love thee;
To thee my sweetest notes I'd sing,
And sound thy praise to gems above thee.

I love thee in thy crescent form,
 Nor less when decked with all thy graces,
Or lonely, struggling through the storm,
 When all the stars have hid their faces.

Some call thee changeful, but not I;
 Thou keep'st thy course, God knows, most duly;
The fault is in the gazer's eye,
 That lacks the power to see thee truly.

Thou look'st on me with thy sweet face,
 And always look so mild and cheer'ly,
I almost fancy I can trace
 The look of one I loved most dearly.

But now good-night, thou beauteous thing;
 While you o'er earth a watch are keeping,
If you won't listen while I sing,
 Perhaps you 'll kiss me while I'm sleeping.

Who 'll Mourn for Me?

Who 'll mourn for me when I am dead,
 Or note where I may lie?
Who 'll pause above my narrow bed
 And breathe a parting sigh?

Have I a friend with heart sincere
 To feel a pang for me?
Have I a friend to shed a tear
 When death shall set me free?

Let me inquire — have I deserved
 Love that defies the grave?
Whom have I with affection served?
 Whom sought from harm to save?

To whom did I the helping hand,
 With generous zeal extend?
How many at my grave can stand
 And say, "There lies my friend"?

If none, then I deserve that none
 Should mourn above my bier;
The heart that kindness ne'er has shown
 Awakes not friendship's tear.

How could I rest within the tomb
 If such my lot should be?
Or live and hear that chilling doom,
"No tear will fall for thee"?

Oh! give me in my hour of death
 One friend, if only one,
To watch my last soul-parting breath,
 And friendship's duties own.

1847.

The First White Hair.

Ha, stranger — ha! you are not welcome quite;
Amidst my glossy brown, one hair of white

Looks odd indeed — looks odd and very queer:
What is your business, and what brought you here?

Speak! thou most ominous and lone white hair,
"I will — one word of warning, friend: Prepare!"
Prepare? I will, to oust thee by the root;
Your looks with my complexion do not suit.

You bring not righteousness enough, I doubt,
To add the honorable, and, therefore, out.
I did not dream to find you here so soon;
What is 't you say — "With me 't is afternoon"?

What then; my limbs as yet are stout and strong,
And I may hope to live, God knows how long.
"How long *you* do not know," the hair replies;
"Therefore regard my warning, and be wise.

"If you would rob the conqueror of his sting,
Think on the admonition that I bring:
Respect the warning of your first white hair;
Prepare thyself in time — for death prepare."

Fireman's Song.

Fire! fire! the alarm-bell rings,
The flames illume the sky;
The fireman to his duty springs,
And "Fire! fire!"'s the cry.

Away, away the engine rolls;
On flying feet they go,
A fearless band of gallant souls
Who bravely face the foe.

Below, aloft, where duty calls,
They mount the burning stair;
On blazing roof, on tottering walls,
What men can do they dare.
Hark! hark! is heard that wailing cry?
"A babe is left behind!"
Swift as the eagle cleaves the sky,
Or like the rushing wind,

The fireman springs; the ladder 's placed;
The bursting flame is braved:
A moment more his steps retraced —
The child, the child is saved!
A mother's arms receive her child,
A mother's thanks are given;
An angel's hand the record filed,
And bore it up to heaven.

Then here 's the gallant fireman's health,
Who bravely fights the foe —
Who ventures life for others' wealth,
And dares what man may do.
Sustain him with your helping hand,
To generous deeds aspire,
And quench the desolating brand
Of fire! fire! fire!

I'm not a Non-resistant.

I 'm not a non-resistant; I
 Could for my children smite,
And though I am not quarrelsome,
 For freedom I would fight.
And shame to him whose coward heart
 Can beat supinely calm
While weak, confiding woman claims
 Protection from his arm.

I would not an offender be,
 Nor tempt Jehovah's rod,
But battling for the rights of man,
 With me, is serving God;
Nor will I doubt the approving word,
 Let but my cause be good,
If to the hilt my reeking sword
 Is dyed with tyrant's blood.

I ask not for a better cause
 Than freedom's; 't is our own —
The right we claim from nature's laws
 To beat the oppressor down:
And he who basely yields that right
 Is but a coward knave;
Who would not for his freedom fight,
 Deserves to be a slave.

To the Morning Star.

Bright star of the morning, while gazing on thee,
I think on the Maker of you and of me.
Myself — my own wonder; but thou, lovely gem,
Appear a bright pearl in my King's diadem.
How could he — how could he suspend thee up there,
And cause thee to shine with a lustre so fair?
How mighty His power, how wondrous His skill,
Who formed thee, and placed thee, and holds thee there still!
Though ages on ages have passed in review,
Thy course is the same, and thy time ever true —
A proof of thy Maker's great wisdom and might,
Yet still but a drop in his ocean of light.

Aug. 10, 1857.

Lines to my Brother.

(One and a half years my junior.)

'T is Christmas Eve, dear brother Ben —
Just eighty years I 've seen;
And now I 'm growing old, you 'll ken
I 'm not what I have been.

But mem'ry leads me back again
To days of long ago —
To scenes of pleasure and of pain,
Of happiness and woe;

When you and I, two little knaves,
Were happy at our play,
Or leagued to fight the bigger braves,
For we were friends alway.

Your foes were mine, my friends were yours —
They ever found it so;
We did not seek for other cause
To mark a friend or foe.

Brothers and sisters round us clung,
Father and mother kind;
But we were made half orphans young —
Too young our loss to mind.

We were one less a dozen, then,
And we the youngest known,
Save little Bess; now Frank and Ben
Are traveling on alone.

Since three years old, remembered still
My playmate and my pet,
In love we climbed life's rugged hill —
Descending, we love yet.

Together we have journeyed on,
Though sometimes far apart;
However wide our paths have gone,
United still in heart.

And now I 'm drawing near the shore
 Where we must all embark,
And I must pass the river o'er,
 The river cold and dark;

But with the eye of faith I see,
 Beyond, a brilliant view,
Where men, from earthly evils free,
 Their forfeit lives renew;

Where sin pollutes the soul no more,
 Where sorrow cannot stay,
And by His hand whom we adore,
 All tears are wiped away.

What, then, may be our portion there,
 Our wisest cannot tell;
But we can trust our Father's care —
"He doeth all things well."

Dec. 24, 1869.

Ruffian Soldiers.

(The following lines were written after perusing the account of an outrage committed by some English soldiers, who had entered Spain as friends, on the person of a young Spanish woman, the wife of a cottager.)

Do you see the old cottage that 's down in the vale,
 Where no smoke from the chimney ascends —
Where, through the cracked casement, the wind and the hail
 Their fury impotently spend?

That cottage was mine — 't was my fathers of old;
There Emma resided erewhile;
But ah! never let her sad story be told,
Till Nature has spent her last smile.
The prints of their feet in that valley are seen —
The soldiers of Britain were there;
But no human tongue can describe the sad scene
That has driven my heart to despair!
They put out the blaze, in the cot of the vale,
That pleasantly glowed on the hearth;
They opened my door to the wind and the hail,
And broke the sweet viol of mirth.
They robbed me of all that I claimed for my own:
Dishonored, she would not survive.
Her ashes are there; they are under that stone:
Though hid from my sight they are never alone —
Her ashes again will revive.

Gee Up!

I would not be a president, nor would I be a king,
Or a dependant on their smiles for any needed thing;
But I would be a farmer, with my plough, and rake, and hoe,
And cheerily drive my team along — gee up, gee up, gee whoa!
Gee up, gee up, gee whoa! with plough, and rake, and hoe,
Would cheerily drive my team along — gee up, gee up, gee whoa!

The farmer's is an honest life; a merry man is he;
He's bound to have a host of friends, and not an enemy.
He wears his hat before the proud, but lifts it to the low,
And cheerily drives his team along — gee up, gee up, gee whoa!
Gee up, gee up, gee whoa! with plough, and rake, and hoe;
He cheerily drives his team along — gee up, gee up, gee whoa!

The farmer, as a citizen, well understands his rights,
And Bunker Hill is witness to maintain them how he fights;
But, till a new occasion calls to grapple with a foe,
He cheerily drives his team along — gee up, gee up, gee whoa!
Gee up, gee up, gee whoa! with plough, and rake, and hoe,
He cheerily drives his team along — gee up, gee up, gee whoa!

He frolics with the dairy-maid, though free from courtier's wiles;
He sometimes wins a kiss or two, for helping o'er the stiles,
Or sees, though seeming not to see, should she an ankle show,
And cheerily drives his team along — gee up, gee up, gee whoa!
Gee up, gee up, gee whoa! with plough, and rake, and hoe,
He cheerily drives his team along — gee up, gee up, gee whoa!

He gets a wife, a bonny one, who 's made of sterling stuff,
And his strong arms support her well with everything enough;

He finds a treasure in her smiles, her cheeks of ruby glow,
And cheerily drives his team along — gee up, gee up, gee whoa!
Gee up, gee up, gee whoa! with plough, and rake, and hoe,
He cheerily drives his team along — gee up, gee up, gee whoa!

In time a dozen urchins spring around the farmer's hearth;
Their voices make the welkin ring with shouts of joyful mirth;
And Tom, and Sam, and Dick, and Bill can plough, and rake, and hoe,
And cheerily drive the team along — gee up, gee up, gee whoa!
Gee up, gee up, gee whoa! with plough, and rake, and hoe,
And cheerily drive the team along — gee up, gee up, gee whoa!

The Tailor.

A tailor, you know, 't is the fashion to call
The ninth part of a man: that is rating him small,
And sounds rather grudging; but if it be true,
'T is more than folks average, take the world through.

Though voted so small he has mighty things done,
Since Adam was clothed by the first tailor known,
Who made coats of skins our first parents to dress,
And contrived the first fashion to hide nakedness.

The king on his throne his importance, we know,
To the tailor he owes, for he 's made up for show.
What a figure he 'd cut, in his crown and his shoes,
If the tailor to dress him should chance to refuse!

The beau who so gallantly steps by the side
Of the dashing young miss, with her ensigns of pride,
Were it not for the tailor in vain he might sigh,
For the maid would not deign him a glance of her eye.

The sailor, so neat in his jacket and trou's,
In vain would essay pretty Poll to espouse,
Except to the tailor he first is addressed,
And rigs himself out in a suit of the best.

The merchant, the lawyer, mechanic, and all
Who wish for respect on this sin-laden ball,
Dependent alike on the tailor are found
For all the fine compliments passing around.

And he who despises the tailor's fine art,
Though gifted with virtues of head and of heart,
Will find, to his sorrow, the saying prove true,
He is out of the world who the fashions eschew.

Poor Fido with friends and with fortune was blest,
By all men respected, by most men caressed ;
But fortune proved faithless,— when not worth a groat,
He found that his friends only bowed to his coat.

Yet dear were those friends, very dear to his heart ;
'T was painful for him with their friendship to part ;

Nor lacked they of kindness, I 'd have you to note,
For all bowed again when he got a new coat.

Take notice, then, all who the tailor would slight,
'T is folly against him to grumble or write:
Except you have virtues that shine through your vest,
The world will not bow to the shabbily dressed.

All Alone.

I would not be always complaining and sad,
Yet we all need some one to make our hearts glad:
A friend is a treasure, and those who have one
Are happy; but who can be happy alone?

Alone, all alone — what a terrible word!
No mate or companion a joy to afford!
In Nature there breathes not a sigh or a groan
So mournful as that — all alone! all alone!

Then let us still cherish the friends we hold dear,
And, absent or present, regard them as near.
While leagued in affection with friends of our own,
We never need fear that cold sentence — Alone!

Alone — Alone!

There is a word of doleful sound
 Oft uttered with a groan;
It casts a chilling air around —
 'T is that cold word, alone!

Oh! who in life could bear to be,
 Unknowing and unknown —
Debarred from all society,
 Alone — alone — alone?

The aching heart with none to cheer,
 That comforter has none,
May vainly shed the blinding tear
 Alone — alone — alone!

Ah! who the bitter fate could bide
 To breathe the unheeded groan,
A poor forsaken cast-aside,
 Alone — alone — alone?

Oh! if in this cold world there be
 One being, if but one,
Who knows not human sympathy,
 Lord, leave him not alone!

Three Warnings.

Three warnings — lame, and deaf, and blind;
 Although but partly so,
They serve as mentors to remind
That death's not very far behind;
 We must prepare to go.

We are death-sentenced: all must leave,
 Howe'er to life they cling;
No matter what they may believe,
 Death claims each living thing.

Though death the soul and body part,
 Exempt from his control,
Though conqueror o'er the human heart,
Defiant of the tyrant's dart
 Still lives the immortal soul.

When death and hell are both destroyed,
 Man's ransomed soul shall live;
No more by sinful lusts annoyed,
Live to such pleasures, unalloyed,
 As only heaven can give.

Aphorisms.

Sift wrong from right;
The humble virtues prize.
Look up for light,
And truth shall make thee wise.

Men bow to wealth, and honor noble blood;
But God and angels love the truly good.

My son, when sinners thee entice,
Consent not thou to share their vice;
But boldly cling to Virtue's side,
Though swearers scoff and fools deride.

LINES WRITTEN ON A BEDQUILT.

(At the request of a sister.)

Sister, I must, as you bid,
Scribble on your coverlid.
Many words are waste of time,
Therefore take this simple rhyme:
Hear it age, and learn it youth —
Nothing wears like simple truth.
Creeds will change, and systems fall;
Simple truth outlives them all.

RIDDLE FOR STEPHEN.

(Written for my little boy.)

I live in a house that is furnished complete;
It has but two windows, and stands on two feet:
'Tis painted all over, from garret to floor,
And two rows of sentinels stand at the door;
A clock in the chamber, that constantly swings,
A bell, with a clapper, that merrily rings.
This comical house is not built very stout,
And if I abuse it I may be turned out.

Jesus said, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her."

Were there but this convincing proof,
 This righteous judgment given,
My trusting heart had cried, Enough;
 Thou art the child of Heaven.

LOVE

And Kindred Subjects.

The Old Man's Soliloquy.

Poor Adam! now I understand
How homeless was your state
Ere lovely Eve bestowed her hand,
And came to be your mate.

As you were then, so now am I—
Alone, with none to cheer;
On me there looks no loving eye,
No love-notes reach my ear.

It seems as though but yesterday,
With wife and children crowned,
My cot a palace was to me,
And pleasure smiled around.

Now some, away, at distance roam,
Some in the graveyard are,
And on this earth man has no home
If woman be not there.

But why should I repine at fate?
'T were folly now to mourn;
Best try to bear my lonely state
With patience, though forlorn.

Time flies — it cannot now be long
 Ere ends my long, long life,
When I shall join the absent throng
 Of kindred, friends, and wife.

Till then, cheer up; the coward bends —
 Is dead while yet alive:
Be thankful for your many friends,
 And that you still survive.

When warned to quit this house of clay
 E'en for a home above,
'T will be no easy word to say
 Adieu to those I love.

To those I love; and can it be
 That we shall meet no more?
Faith answers, No! again you 'll see
Your loved ones in eternity,
 Safe on the heavenly shore.

Another Jewel Gone.

Another jewel to His garner gone —
And few on earth with brighter lustre shone.
She 's gone to the land of the thornless rose,
Where the bud of righteousness swells and blows,

And she dwells beneath a cloudless sky,
Where the dews of Love all wants supply.
Bid her relics adieu with a parting kiss,
And wish her not back from that land of bliss.

My Mother.

Half sleeping on my mother's bed
I lay, a young and careless boy:
My mother, bending o'er my head,
Cried, "Sleep — sleep on my darling joy."
She kissed me; though I did not move,
I knew and felt a mother's love.

That voice of kindness reached my heart;
That kiss of love, I feel it yet;
And death may chill my mortal part,
But cannot make my soul forget.
Through every nerve I feel it thrill:
She loved me then — she loves me still.

When driving on the mountain wave,
In danger, near the rocky shore,
My mother's blessing made me brave,
And nerved me for the trial-hour.
Small were my terrors on the sea;
I knew my mother prayed for me.

Night came; with toil and pain oppressed
I dreamed her worshipped form was near,
And on my cheek a kiss impressed —
The same to infant memory dear.
The morning found me well again;
My mother's kiss had cured the pain.

Through different climes my course I 've steered,
And various hardships had to prove;
But 'midst them all my heart was cheered
By thinking on my mother's love.
A mother's love — what tongue can tell
How much she loves, how true, how well.

Remembrance.

I 'm growing old, I feel 't is so,
And Time and I must shortly part;
But young or old, midst weal and woe,
One image lingers round my heart.

'T is her's whom I in childhood loved,
With all my heart, with truth sincere;
And wheresoever I have roved
That image ever has been near.

It will not quit its life-long hold,
But nestles in my bosom's core;

It will not let my heart grow old,
Nor chill, till life shall be no more.

Away to distant lands she sailed —
A mighty ocean rolls between;
But time and distance both have failed
Her image from my eyes to screen.

I see her now before me stand,
And clasp her to my thrilling breast;
And in my own her dear loved hand
Again is warmly, fondly pressed.

There must be wrinkles on her brow;
Her raven hair must now be gray;
Still as I loved, I love her now —
For love like mine can ne'er decay.

On earth we ne'er may meet again,
Nor know I that she thinks of me;
Still, in my heart she will remain
Till death shall set my spirit free.

Jack's Hard Parting.

The peeping moon, the tell-tale moon,
Is waning in the sky;
And must I leave you, love, so soon?
My Nancy, dear, good-bye!

My shipmates all on board have gone,
 Yet still I linger here;
And must I leave you, worshipped one?
 Good-bye, my Nancy dear!

Yet let me fold you to my heart;
 One kiss, and then away.
'T is hard indeed from you to part —
 Adieu! 't is almost day.

Yet one kiss more before I go,
 Then must I leave you here;
You have my heart, you have my vow —
 Adieu, my Nancy dear!

The clouds reflect the rising sun;
 I must no longer dwell:
Good-bye, my love, my cherished one,
 My Nancy dear, farewell!

Ruth to Naomi.

Entreat me not to leave thee,
 Naomi,— do not so;
Thy daughter would not grieve thee,
 But from thee will not go.
 With thee I 'll bide, with thee I 'll roam,
 And where thou dwellest make my home.

And wheresoe'er thou diest,
 There will thy daughter die;
The grave wherein thou liest,
 There will thy daughter lie.
 Thy people, mother, shall be mine,
 And Ruth will kneel at Israel's shrine.

Kisses.

Of kisses, how many of diff'rent degrees!
Some given to pleasure, some given to tease;
Some ardent and warm, some chilling to freeze.
The kiss of politeness, although not amiss,
Is hardly deserving the name of a kiss.

The kiss of a Judas — not common, we hope; —
The kiss of an image; the toe of a Pope;
The young lady's kiss who with Tom would elope;
The kisses of friendship; the kiss of good-will;
The kiss of affection — ah! that's better still.

And is there another that's better than this?
Yes; far, far more precious is love's honeyed kiss:
Where souls are united, and heart to heart beats,
A love-kiss is sweetest of all the known sweets.
A love-kiss — how rare! underneath the great sun
How few can say, truly, they ever had one!

How many are married, and boast of their bliss,
Who never yet tasted an honest love-kiss!
A youth lured by beauty, and miss, in her teens,
May kiss, and yet neither may know what love means.
No passion so gen'rous, so lasting, and strong,
Love thinketh no evil, love doeth no wrong;
'Midst Fortune's vagaries, her smile or her frown,
The wave cannot quench it, the floods cannot drown.
Though not all unselfish, real lovers would give
Their all, even life, that their loved ones might live.

Though hundreds of kisses your mem'ries recall,
One love-kiss remembered outvalues them all;
So, 'mongst the acquaintance you have on your list,
Some dozens, perhaps, you've been kissed by or kissed.
You count them all friends, but, tried in the long run,
You'll think yourself lucky if you have found one.
And so 't is with kisses — though many you get,
A love-kiss, perhaps, you have not tasted yet.

To Miss ———.

(Reply to the question, "What is love?")

Love is of different kinds — the meek,
The ardent, and the strong;
The love that does, or does not, speak,
The old love, and the young.

You ask me, "What is love?" That kind
 That with the truth prevails;
That something which two hearts can bind,
 And never fades or fails.

How can I answer? You must feel,
 To know it as it is;
No pictured language can reveal
 This highest human bliss.

There is a mystic cord, a tie
 That cannot be defined,
That round the tendrils of the heart,
 If fairly once entwined,

The binding knot will not unfold,
 Howe'er severely tried;
It will not slip, nor loose its hold,
 Nor can e'en death divide.

There is a cause for this, we know,
 But all in vain we try
To search it out — it vaunts no show,
 And shuns the prying eye.

Love, admiration, sympathy,
 Are terms full often used
To explain the hidden mystery —
 Terms often much abused.

'T is more than these, though here we find
 A portion of the whole
Of that mysterious, undefined
 Quintessence of the soul.

The wise and simple, rich and poor,
Its binding power have known;
Still, "What is love?" you ask once more,
But answer there is none.

It is a language of the heart,
That 's to the tongue denied —
To angels only known in part,
Yet none who feel can hide.

You 'll glimpse it in the soul-lit eye,
That half reveals its bliss;
'T is present in the half-born sigh,
And in the heart-felt kiss.

In all the small concerns of life
Its presence may be found;
The loving husband, faithful wife,
Make home a holy ground.

Both time and distance love defies,
For mem'ry will retain
The loved one's image on the eyes,
Pictured with never-fading dyes,
And graven on the brain.

It moulds the face; it tones the voice;
It governs every move:
Whether we sorrow or rejoice,
Love bears the stamp of love.

Beside the dying loved one's bed
You 'll mark the tender care;

And, to the mem'ry of the dead,
The blinding tears in secret shed,
 The grief that none must share.

A father's and a mother's love
 Is strong — so Heaven designed ;
Brothers and sisters often prove
 Affectionately kind ;
And even friendship has the power
 Congenial souls to bind.

But wedded love, where hearts are one,
 Expect not to explain ;
It never has or can be done,
 And all attempts are vain.

Some Thirty Years Ago.

Some thirty years ago I met
 A lass with raven hair ;
I loved her then, I love her yet,
 For she was kind and fair.

Time gathers wrinkles on her brow ;
 Her crown has lost its jet ;
Yet still I keep my marriage vow —
 There 's witchery in her yet.

From human faults she is not free;
Sometimes she 'll scold and fret;
Yet she is ever dear to me —
I love my old wife yet.

Time wears while going down the hill,
But hearts will not forget;
As first I loved, I love her still,
Aye! dearly love her yet.

Time changes all things, we are told,
But Love is Time's own pet;
Though old as Time, while Time grows old,
Love never altered yet.

Though some affirm Love has decayed,
And can't with Time abide,
Most true the poet sang and said,
"That was not Love that died."

I only know I Love Her.

You ask me is my love so fair
That none can rank above her?
I do not know, I do not care;
I only know I love her.

You ask me are her gifts so rare
That all the wise approve her?

I do not know, I do not care;
I only know I love her.

You ask is she of wealth the heir —
Enough all faults to cover?
I do not know, I do not care;
I only know I love her.

If beauty, fame, nor fortune are
Her charms — who can discover
A cause for love? I do not care;
I know I dearly love her.

Howe'er to others she appear,
If I to love can move her,
For this, for this alone, I care —
To love me as I love her.

Uncounted charms she may possess —
I have not conned them over;
But be they more or be they less,
I love, and still will love her.

Jan. 6, 1877.

Owen.

How charming looks the setting sun
When lovely Effie smiles on me,
And pleasant sounds the evening gun,
With Effie seated on my knee.

But when my love is far away,
No pleasure brings the setting sun;
And, as he dips his latest ray,
How mournful sounds the evening gun.

I hie me to my lonely bed,
And vainly seek oblivious rest;
But there 's no rest for Owen's head,
Whose pillow was his Effie's breast.

My country calls me far away,
To guard the banner of the free:
My rebel heart will not obey;
It clings, dear Effie, still to thee.

The Forsaken.

(Lines on seeing a young lady, whose guilty lover had forsaken her, walking alone in the evening.)

Poor hapless girl! a face less fair
Did thy false lover's heart ensnare;
Yet none regardeth thee.
And must you, like a wand'ring sprite,
Rove unprotected through the night,
Exposed to obloquy?

Have you no friend on whom to lean
That slender frame? Will no one screen
Thee and thy fame from harm?

Has beauty lost its 'tractive power?
Or hast thou, in unlucky hour,
 Resigned its fairest charm?

That lovely form was ne'er designed
By Heaven to clothe a guilty mind;
 That sigh, which none could feign,
Might e'en suspicion's self persuade,
Howe'er thine erring steps have strayed,
 Some virtues still remain.

Oh! has the cruel spoiler's art
Played 'round thy fond, confiding heart?
 Thou base seduction's prey!
Though scarce a step from virtue's door,
Say, hast thou sunk to rise no more
 Till the last judgment day?

Oh! could I from the scroll of Fame
Blot out the record of thy shame,
 That single action mine
I'd rather boast than all that's feigned,
Or all that sensual man e'er gained
 At yielding beauty's shrine.

Song—The Cataract.*

A hermit lived by the mountain-side,
 Where the cataract tumbled along;

* Written many years before, but first published March 23, 1850.

Where the bald eagle stretched his wings with pride
O'er the lofty pine by the mountain-side,
Where the cataract tumbled along, 'long, 'long;
Where the cataract tumbled along.

His lovely daughter, for whom I sighed,
The fair burden of many a song,
From my father's cottage one day I 'spied;
I snatched up my cap and away I hied
Where the cataract tumbled along, 'long, 'long;
Where the cataract tumbled along.

I clasped her around her slender waist,
And I urged my passion so strong.
But she would not hear me; she was in haste,
Nor longer time with me would waste,
Where the cataract tumbled along, 'long, 'long;
Where the cataract tumbled along.

Away she flew to ford the stream
Where the current was rapid and strong.
She fell, and I heard her piercing scream,
As she floated down the raging stream,
Where the cataract tumbled along, 'long, 'long;
Where the cataract tumbled along.

On the wings of love and fear I flew;
My limbs, like a giant's, were strong.
Her floating tresses first met my view,
As she passed the roaring waters through,
Where the cataract tumbled along, 'long, 'long;
Where the cataract tumbled along.

I seized her in my brawny arms,
 And bore her in safety along.
My bosom throbbed as I viewed her charms,
 While love's soft clarion rung to arms,
 Where the cataract tumbled along, 'long, 'long;
 Where the cataract tumbled along.

I placed her on a flowery bed,
 That grew the wild rocks among.
While on my breast she pillowed her head,
 Love flushed her cheek, and the lily fled,
 Where the cataract tumbled along, 'long, 'long;
 Where the cataract tumbled along.

My cottage now contains the maid;
 A fairer ne'er shown in song.
Her silken tresses with flowers I braid,
 And clasp to my bosom beneath the shade
 Where the cataract tumbled along, 'long, 'long;
 Where the cataract tumbled along.

Woman.

(Written in Auld Lang Syne, but true now as ever.)

Beneath the stars that deck the sky,
And shed their lustre from on high,

There 's naught with woman's worth can vie
For beauty, faith, or charity;
So high beyond all else she soars,
That even lordly man adores.

Who ever gazed on her sweet face,
Or felt her tender, chaste embrace,
Or viewed her fair and graceful form,
By Heaven ordained man's heart to warm,
But while the beauteous prize he pressed,
With grateful heart her Maker blest.

Art thou unhappy? To her go;
Her smile 's the antidote to woe.
Oh, could I like her Ledyard sing,
I 'd make the lands he traversed ring,
Till ev'ry lordling of the sod
Should choose her for his household god.

In childhood, who but she could save
God's beauteous image from the grave?
Who has not marked her feeling mind?
In sickness, who like her is kind?
And though through ev'ry clime he roam,
Poor man without her finds no home.

In youth, when all our spirits dance,
She melts us with her witching glance.
See next the matron; by her side
A cherub sits, its father's pride.
Who guides the young and pliant mind,
Till the young shoot to heaven 's inclined?

If guilty, who like her will strive
To set it right, and bid it live?
Oh! hear an anxious mother's prayer:
In mercy, God, my children spare!
On me, not them, thy judgment pour,
Thou whom I tremblingly adore.

Oh, what had man without thee proved,
Woman in every clime beloved!
Though selfish men in fetters bind
The budding beauties of thy mind,
And half thy virtues are not known,
Or in the cot nor on the throne,

Yet with thee be't my fate to dwell,
For without thee this earth were hell —
A desert wild, a joyless waste,
Devoid of virtues, arts, or taste.
Exiled eternally from thee,
E'en heaven would prove no heaven to me.

March 30, 1850.

Where now are the Lads and the Lasses?

Where now are the lads and the lasses
To whom I in childhood was known?
Departed from me, as time passes,
And now they have left me alone.

Not one on the earth I discover,
Not one to whom now I can say,
"In childhood we well knew each other;" —
All, all now have gone on their way.

Their souls have gone home to the Giver;
On earth I shall see them no more:
Their bark has gone over the river,
And left me alone on the shore.

And yet not alone; for, in fancy,
I bring them all to me again:
Ben, Jenny, Eliza, and Nancy
In mem'ry will ever remain.

And many more, dear to me ever,
Surround me, though seemingly gone.
And will they forsake me? Oh, never!
They never will leave me alone.

Old relics to me they are bringing;
E'en Time will not let them depart:
Around them my arms are still clinging;
I feel them still warming my heart.

Flowers as well as Thorns.

Yes, there are flowers as well as thorns
Bestrew the path of life:
For you this aching bosom mourns,
My daughter and my wife.

And must my heart dejected pine
For sweets that are my own?
The rose without a thorn is mine,
The violet ere 'tis blown.

My feet in thorny paths have led,
My spirit needs repose;
Oh! let me lay my drooping head
By my sweet, thornless rose!

God grant my tender violet grow
In loveliest bloom;
And when my head in death lies low,
Their tears may o'er my ashes flow,
Unchanging love's perfume.

Queen Victoria.

(The following lines were written at the time of the Queen's coronation.)

Victoria, Queen of the beautiful Isles,
The land of our parents, d' ye see,
Across the Atlantic we greet thee with smiles,
And send thee our compliments, free from the wiles
Of sycophants: listen to me.

The crown of the kingdom has circled thy brows,
And thine was the oath to defend
A people who cheerfully paid thee their vows;
Art married, fair Queen — to Old England, thy spouse,
Stand pledged until death to befriend.

The task is most easy, the method is plain —
 Endeavor thine husband to bless;
The poor and unhappy in mercy sustain,
Be grateful to Him who sends sunshine and rain, —
 Seek peace, and trust God for success.

Mary.

My harp I 'll to the willow bind,
 And watch beneath the mournful tree,
To listen if the sighing wind
 Will wake its strings to minstrelsy;
 For well I know its notes will prove
 A requiem to my sainted love.

Aloft her angel spirit soars,
 And wings toward heaven its certain way,
To meet on those delightful shores
 The joys of everlasting day.
 A soul more free from vice than thine,
 Ne'er offered at Immanuel's shrine.

Affection wears the weed of woe,
 And tender Friendship's tear will start;
But would you cureless sorrow know,
 Come, read a husband's breaking heart.
 Alone amidst the busy crowd,
 His joys are buried in her shroud.

Belovèd wife, till death's keen dart
Shall set this mourning spirit free,
Thy virtues, graven on my heart,
Shall consecrate that heart to thee.
Another love it ne'er has known,
And still it throbs for thee alone.

"Farewell! farewell!" methinks I hear
Her parting spirit softly sigh;
Oh, fare thee well, my Mary dear!
For thee I've lived, like thee would die.
Oh! may my soul with thine appear;
For where thou art my heaven is there.

Avaunt, Despair!

Never, ah! never more in life
Will it be my delight to prove
The blessing of a loving wife,
A wife whom I can truly love.
No loving heart again will press
Against mine own, mine own to bless.

Friends see I many passing 'round,
And many kind and good there are;
But none to love me here are found,
Till age, old age suggests despair.
Despair! he is the coward's foe,
A name my race refuse to know.

Despair! I have abjured his name;
He never comes within my cot:
Though I were blind, and deaf, and lame,
Avaunt, despair! I know thee not.
I have refused his yoke to take,
Have met him with a steady eye;
And, though the silver cord should break,
Would still his serpent power defy.
Hope ever nestles in my heart—
Tells me she never will depart.

Hope, smiling Hope! thy beauteous face
Has yet a charm for every woe.
Kind benefactor of our race,
Man's chiefest blessing here below,
Who clings to thee can conquer care,
And bid defiance to despair.

Woman Compared with the Months.

January.

Some women like January, I know—
As stiff as ice, as cold as snow.
'T is something strange such birds should pair:
I envy none such frosty fare.

February.

Some women there are like February,—
That 's something nearer spring, d' ye see,—
Sometimes quite warm, but that 's so rare,
If I had one I 'd want a pair.

March.

Some women like blustering March there be —
More fretful than the raging sea.
Of noise and strife would you beware,
Of all such women take care! take care!

April.

Some women are like an April day —
They laugh and cry their time away.
Sometimes they 're foul, and sometimes fair ;
If you get two you 've one to spare.

May.

Some women are like a bright May morn,
Or like a rose without a thorn —
Delightful, useful, sweet, and fair ;
But then, such women are wondrous rare.

June.

Some women are like a day in June —
Prolific Nature's bounteous boon.
Who gets one such will lack no heir ;
And such were Rome's peculiar care.

July.

Some women are like a hot July ;
With them wild Love dwells constantly.
For wanton joys all risks they'll dare :
For all such women let who will care.

August.

Some women are like an August eve —
They 'll promise fair, but oft deceive ;
Their lightning squalls let men beware —
Who gets one such must guard his hair.

September.

Some women September well will suit,
When ripening hangs the tempting fruit.
To get one such shall be my care ;
Will you be mine, my charming fair ?

October.

Some women are like October seen —
Their withering leaf scarce holds its green ;
Yet sound 's the trunk, nor yet quite bare,
Though Plenty's horn was furnished there.

November.

Some women are like November proved —
They love not, nor can e'er be loved ;
They 're neither raw, nor roast, nor rare,
Nor with them can you comfort share.

December.

Some women are like December tough —
They 're coarse, and loud, and dull, and rough.
They still look foul though e'er so fair —
If you have one you 've one to spare.

Beauty.

What is beauty's fairest form? A transient, fading flower;
And, like the rose,
It buds and blows,
The plaything of an hour.

But yet, with all its frailties, still it steals upon our hearts,
And common sense
Is no defense
Against its subtle arts.

For gold and silver, wit and sense, it passes current here:
If 't is but nice
We pay the price,
But all agree 't is dear.

Though scarce possessed before 't is lost, to win 't our all 's the stake:
We gain the prize
With prayers and sighs;
It fades, and we forsake.

To J. D.

(On presenting her with some lilies of the valley.)

These are lilies of the valley
That to you, dear girl, I bring;
They are fairest of the flowers
That adorn our early spring.

Though, modest and retiring,
They hide themselves away,
The fragrance of their loveliness
Their hiding-place betray.

Fit emblem of the modesty,
The sweetness, and the grace
That 's pictured, in its purity,
Upon a maiden's face.

I Remember.

In days long since departed
I dearly loved a maid,
For beauties that can never pall,
For charms that never fade.

My hairs are growing gray now,
But I remember yet;
The charms that won my fancy then,
My heart will not forget.

And memory brings her back now
In all the bloom of youth —
With all her winning graces fresh,
And all her changeless truth.

So freshly to my eyes now
Her maiden beauties bloom,
The impression was a sure one;
It lives beyond the tomb.

Yet scarce can I regret her;
This world was not her home:
A brighter and a better is
Where sorrows never come.

No marble rests above her,
To tell where goodness lies;
My bosom is her monument,
Her epitaph my sighs.

Oct. 13, 1849.

The Lassie of Monatiquot.

The lassie of Monatiquot!
So fair and lovely is the maid
Her charms can never be forgot
Till all the lights of memory fade.

Her dimpled cheeks of rosebud dye,
 Her laughing eyes of sparkling blue,
With lips that honeyed sweets imply
 Embracing gems of pearly hue.

Her glossy crown of bright brown hair
 Is parted on her splendid brow;
When loosened, veils a bosom fair
 As e'er enshrined a lover's vow.

In vain the pencil would portray
 The sweet expression of her face;
And all in vain the poet's lay
 Its winning witchery to trace.

A look both eloquent and calm;
 A form where ne'er a fault appears;
A voice that never fails to charm,
 Like music, that, entrancing, cheers.

There is a sweetness in her smile
 That makes her presence ever dear,
When absent mem'ry clings the while,
 And holds her image ever near.

Fair lassie of Monatiquot!
 The charms that never fade are thine;
For goodncss harbors in your cot,
 And there the Christian graces twine.

My light is drawing near the shade;
 The old cannot be young again;
But having seen thee, lovely maid,
 I surely have not lived in vain.

Feb. 28, 1872.

Retrospective.

Ah! here's the old house where my Jenny I courted;
The grape and the woodbine are clinging there still;
And there 's the old swing, where so often we sported,
Made fast to the elm at the foot of the hill.

Dear Jenny, though time with our heads has been busy
Our hearts are untouched, and our spirits are light:
Again I behold you, the wild little huzzy,
Who, sometimes my torment, was still my delight.

Jump in — let me swing you; the days of your childhood
You have not forgotten, nor can I forget;
Your race through the fields, or your romps in the wild-
wood,
You still can remember; there 's fun in you yet.

How varied the scenes since, as children together,
We pictured the future all sunshiny fair;
Bear witness the wrinkles that on our brows gather
How grievous our trials; yet hope still is there.

For love lent its charms to uphold and console us,
And perfumed our path, that was thorny and wild:
In vain would Misfortune subdue and control us,
For Love in our dwelling with confidence smiled.

The springs of our youth will return to us never,
Yet cheerfulness still for our portion we claim:
Then sing and be gay, wife, to me dear as ever;
Though youth has departed, our hearts are the same.

The old house is falling, the old swing is rotten,
The vines have grown old, and are passing away;
Yet ne'er shall the scenes of our youth be forgotten,
And ne'er shall the love of our childhood decay.

My Own.

Tune — Jessie, the Flower of Dunblane.

I roamed o'er the highlands and searched through the valley
While seeking a lass to be bone of my bone:
When down by the river I saw my sweet Sally,
I wooed her, I won her, and now she 's my own —
And now she 's my own, and now she 's my own;
I wooed her, I won her, and now she 's my own.

Oh, bright was the day when I met with my Sally;
Kind fortune befriending, her favor I won:
She blushed when I hailed her the rose of the valley,
And warmly entreated to call her my own —
To call her my own, to call her my own;
And warmly entreated to call her my own.

Oh! who can describe the sweet charms of the maiden?
The sun on a fairer has never yet shone:
The echoes around with her praises are laden;
She 's good as she 's lovely, my dear one, my own —
My dear one, my own — my dear one, my own;
She 's good as she 's lovely, my dear one, my own.

Oh! joy to the heart of her father and mother,
Who gave me their rosebud before it was blown;
The hills nor the valleys can't boast such another
As my dearest Sally, my beauty, my own —
My beauty, my own — my beauty, my own;
As my dearest Sally, my beauty, my own.

Oh, bless'd be the day when, beside the fair river,
Allured by her music, I found her alone:
Though fear of offending my heart caused to quiver,
I wooed her, I won her, and now she's my own —
And now she's my own, and now she's my own;
I wooed her, I won her, and now she's my own.

The joys of my heart since I won my sweet Sally,
To none but the true-hearted lover are known;
Her sweetness diffuses a joy through the valley;
She's loved and she's honored, my true one, my own —
My true one, my own — my true one, my own;
She's loved and she's honored, my true one, my own.

Woman's Love.

Oh! dear to me is woman's love,
More dear than all on earth beside;
Nor can I think of joys above
If woman's love be there denied.

Ten thousand pleasures earth affords
To please the taste, the fancy warm;
But none the heart of man records
Like woman's love, that priceless charm.

Around the world for treasure rove,
And gain and count your jewels o'er;
Win every gem but woman's love,
But, lacking that, you still are poor.

The last it was, the greatest good
That Heaven to man in mercy gave;
And woman's love unchanged has stood,
To bless the cradle and the grave.

Woman.*

Let those who ne'er her value knew,
Sweet woman's worth deny;
With cold indifference virtue view,
Displayed in beauty's eye!

I envy not the flinty soul
That ne'er affection felt;
The heart where love has no control,
That beauty cannot melt.

* First lines ever published by the author, in *Ladies' Magazine*, Boston, Mass., about 1807.

Let stoics frown at lovers' bliss,
And woman's charms defy;
Be 't mine to taste the honeyed kiss,
And catch the tender sigh.

Where Love is not, there is no Home.

The world is too full of contention and wrath;
Ill words are the evils to dread:
A heartless expression throws thorns in our path,
And maddens the heart and the head.

An ill-disposed husband or bad-tempered wife,
Found either in palace or cot,
Prevent all the joys and the pleasures of life,
And where they dwell comfort is not.

While some know the way to be happily blest,
Their heart-cheering method they try;
By words, looks, and actions, so kindly expressed,
Ill humor and strife they defy.

Go over the world with no pleasures denied,
Through cities and villages roam;
You 'll find this a truth whereso'er you abide,
Where love is not, there is no home, home, home,
Where love is not there is no home.

PERSONAL

On William Lloyd Garrison.

Fixed as the granite mountains stand
While o'er them sulphurous lightnings flash,
Or island rocks sublimely grand
While ocean billows round them dash,
So, Freedom, stands thy noble son,
The firm, true-hearted Garrison.

In vain the slanderer wings his dart
With angry zeal and envious eye;
Back from the pure, unsullied heart
The foiled and broken missiles fly.
Justice, and Truth, and Freedom claim
The post to guard their warrior's fame

No traitor's blood is in his veins,
No shrinking nerves or jaundiced eye;
He strikes to break the bondsmen's chains
And in their cause would do or die:
Though friends desert and foes defame,
He swerves not from his righteous aim.

Well Afric's ransomed children know ;
The mighty debt they yet will pay
When, victors o'er their tyrant foe,
They hail their Independent Day.
Go, search the world on every shore
Where Freedom owns a faithful son,
And written on his bosom's core
You 'll find the name of Garrison.
Freedom has fixed his image there,
And roused his heart to do and dare.

Will He who armed him for the fight,
And led him still to victory on,
Desert the cause of truth and right —
Abandon thee, brave Garrison ?
A voice is heard from Calvary's hill,
" Fear not, for I am with thee still."

With thee as when, in Freedom's van,
You strove to beat oppression down ;
When, battling for the rights of man,
You scarce escaped the martyr's crown ;
With thee to second every stroke
That rends the chain and breaks the yoke.

The nation's voice is with thee now —
At first in whispers soft and low ;
But now it shakes the mountain's brow,
A terror to the guilty foe.
Justice and Freedom, hand in hand,
Shall marshall Victory 'round the land.

Though Treason, with chameleon power,
May change its colors to deceive,
Its fate is fixed ; its trial-hour
Will leave it scarce a friend to grieve.
And those who followed in its train
Will mourn their blasted hopes in vain.

Thoughts suggested by the Sacrifice of

John Brown.

'T is done, the savage deed is done!
Oh, base Virginia, shame to thee!
Shame to your foolish, braggart son! *
Shame to your boasted chivalry!

Oh, brave old man! whose daring hands
Were raised to set the bondmen free —
To break Oppression's galling bands,
And strike a blow for Liberty.

A victim to Virginia's fear,
In Freedom's cause the hero dies:
A glory circles round his bier,
While in the dust thine honor lies.

* Governor Wise.

Thou should'st have claimed him for thine own —
With Patrick Henry's wreathed his name;
It had a halo round thee thrown,
Rekindling Freedom's altar-flame.

E'en had his weapon failed to spare,
'T was base the brave old man to slay —
The man who laid your folly bare,
And showed you where your weakness lay.

By cruel wrong to frenzy driven,
John Brown, the fearless, good, and brave,
Believed himself the elect of Heaven
To break the yoke and free the slave.

Go, now, of gallant Henry boast;
Brown was his brother — Freedom's child:
Undaunted, each defied a host,
And both by cowards were reviled.

Successful, one is known to fame —
A patriot; one a rebel dies:
Alike their object — cause, the same —
Their struggle for an equal prize.

Henry, for self and country's weal,
Resolved on "liberty or death:"
Brown, with a high and holy zeal,
For the poor slaves resigned his breath.

Dishonored droops Virginia's star;
Her 'scutcheon bears the murd'rers' seal:
On Freedom's breast she leaves a scar
That time can never, never heal.

December, 1859.

Lines

On the occasion of the removal of the remains of the lamented hero Lawrence, from Halifax, by a public-spirited gentleman of Salem — Captain Crowninshield.

Their sable bark flew over the wave
To bring the corse of the hero home;
They raised him up from his bloody grave,
And now in mournful sadness come.

They pay him the tribute of a tear,
And, sorrowing, bear him over the surge;
They fire the minute-guns over his bier,
While the mournful music sounds his dirge.

His monument stands on his native shore,
With honors decked and with laurels crowned;
The tears of Liberty watered it o'er,
And the sighs of friendship burst around.

With aching hearts they bade him adieu,
And breathed a prayer for his rest on high:
Farewell, farewell to the patriot true,
Who dared in his country's cause to die.

President James Monroe.

(On his Birthday.)

Let Albion's prostituted lyre with adulation ring,
And servile poets join, for hire, to praise a feeble king.

Columbia asks no pensioned bard to sound her chieftain s
praise;
His merits are the Muse's reward, and prompter of her lays.
Ten thousand harps by freemen strung shall tremble with
his name,
While notes of praise from every tongue shall swell the
patriot's fame.
No crown for which ambition pines, no diamonds deck his
crest,
But 'round his brow the laurel twines, and honor gems his
breast.
In Freedom's ranks the stripling stood, and fearless faced
his country's foe,
Poured out the tribute of his blood, and helped to make a
tyrant bow.
In manhood's prime the statesman proved Columbia's faith-
ful friend,
Still lab'ring for the land he loved, still struggling to
defend.
In riper years his honored head is with the garland crowned;
The laurel wreath his blood has fed is round his temple
wound.
In vain the British savage howled along Columbia's shore,
For beauty and for booty prowled, to plunder and deflour:
Monroe * our favorite chief † directs to guard the insulted
land;
Booty and beauty he protects with Jackson's gallant band.
Long may he live to hear the note of gratitude and love;
May it circling o'er his country float, and bear his praise
above.

* Then Secretary of War. † General Jackson, at New Orleans.

The Three-cornered Hat.

Electioneering Song on Hon. Benjamin Austin.

I like the old man with the three-cornered hat;
It reminds me of '75,
When the hearts of our fathers went pat, pit-a-pat,
And Liberty scarce was alive.
Cho.— I like the old man with the three-cornered hat,
And the honest old visage that shows under that.

It bids me remember the tales I have heard,
The agèd report of old-time,
When the ship Massachusetts by Hancock was steered,
And a three-cornered hat was no crime.

He puts me in mind of a sturdy old oak
That has weathered the rough, pelting blast:
Though a limb by rude lightning was torn off and broke,
The well-rooted trunk holds it fast.

I like the old trunk, for its scions will prove
An honor to Liberty's shore —
The ornament, beauty, and pride of the grove
When the storm-shattered oak is no more.

To John G. Whittier.

Gifted poets sing your praise,
All to honor you unite;
Let me add my humble lays,
Though the off'ring 's but a mite.

Lover of the human kind,
Advocate of all that 's good,
Just and gen'rous, brave, refined,
You the trial-test have stood.

List'ning to your patriot lyre,
I have felt the crimson-glow
Warm my heart with strong desire
Where your bugle called to go.

When in mercy's cause you plead,
I could lay my weapons by;
When you mourned the patriot dead,
I for country, too, could die.

When allured from wisdom's way,
With your faith I look above;
I, too, feel I cannot stray
Quite beyond a Father's love.

Thanks for all the good I've gained
List'ning to your charming lyre —
Harp of beauty, all unstained,
Fit to join the heavenly choir.

You are three-score years and ten;
May the Reaper pass you by,
Still to bless your fellow-men
With a name that cannot die.

Feb. 2, 1878.

John G. Whittier.

"Peace, peace!" the Christian poet cries
In notes that wake the trumpet's sound —
Like the artillery of the skies,
That shakes the firmament around.

They sound above the highest hill,
And echo in the deepest dell:
Who hears must feel his pulses thrill,
Must feel his patriot bosom swell.

"Peace, peace!" he cries; let Justice sleep,
Or waking, Mercy's voice obey,
In notes that tempt her sword to leap
From out its sheath, her foes to slay.

Peace, peace, on earth — good-will to all;
In peace maintain the truth and right;
But ev'ry note's a cannon-ball,
And ev'ry trill's a bugle-call
To rouse up warriors for the fight.

Yet has his trump no dubious sound;
Justice in ev'ry pulse he feels;
While Mercy clings his heart around,
And there they both have set their seals.

Aug. 18, 1866.

Lines, on reading "Uncle Tom's Cabin," addressed to

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

There's music in the human heart,—
It is a harp of many strings;
And, Harriet, thine the potent art
Beneath whose touch it thrilling sings!

Now, calm and low, the music tells
Like the Æolian's whispered sounds;
Now like the trumpet's clang it swells,
And wildly shakes its prison-bounds!

As soft as gentle Pity's tones
It steals the tear-drops from our eyes;
Or, like the storm-rent forest's groans,
The maddening notes of vengeance rise!

Fair minstrel of the human heart,
Who bids its hidden springs rejoice,
Play on till every fibre start
That chords with Freedom's cheering voice!

The despot's heart, though clothed in steel,
And ribbed with selfish interest 'round,
Shall yet be made thy power to feel,
And echo forth a human sound!

May 31, 1852.

Freeman Hunt.

The soldier risks his valued life
To win an honored name;
His thoughts, amid the battle's strife,
On Victory and Fame.

The sailor nails his saucy flag
Firm to the shattered mast;
To Fame he gives his dying brag,
And proudly breathes his last.

The statesman strains his highest power
To guard his country's weal,
And while her foes before him cower
She graves his name with steel.

The preacher in the pulpit tries
A deathless name to win,
That may be blazoned in the skies,
Or Fame's snug niche within.

The artist strives, nor vainly so,
To leave his trail behind:

Where fire can burn, or water flow,
He makes his mark of mind.

And Fame for thee has found a place,
Freeman, so aptly named —
A benefactor to your race,
For useful virtues famed.

Right worthy of our praise is he
Whose charities abound;
But he who scatters *knowledge* free
Is strewing pearls around.

From where the light of knowledge shines,
From where our canvas crowds,
From lowest vein in deepest mines,
From mountains in the clouds,

Your list'ning ear and searching eye
Crude rays of knowledge drain,
And from your reservoir supply
The polished gems again.

The name of Freeman Hunt will stand
Among the prized of earth —
An honor to the Pilgrims' land,
That gave a Franklin birth.

Aug. 25, 1849.

Freeman Hunt.

(Editor of the "Merchant's Magazine.")

The poets are by nature kings;
Away on Fancy's wings they rise,
Soaring above all earthly things,
To make an empire in the skies.

And from their castles in the air
They scatter gems of beauty 'round:
The good, the beautiful, and rare
Within the poets' realms are found.

And oft the Muses them inspire
To picture many a fairy scene;
But there is one whose aim is higher, —
HUNT, of the "Merchant's Magazine."

"What is there," asks a doubting youth,
"That 'bove the muse's wings can soar?"
'T is honest, plain, far-searching truth,
Whose watch-tower looks creation o'er.

The author of the "Magazine"
Makes useful truth his aim and pride;
And thousands know his work has been
The merchants' sure and faithful guide.

All honor to the working man
 Whose labor lightens others' toil —
With nerve to act and skill to plan,
 To draw the wealth from every soil.

The distant nations own his worth,
 And far and near his praise has rung;
They value more his book of truth,
 Than all that e'er our bards have sung.

March 17, 1855.

To George Peabody.

(Of Danvers and London.)

I like to hear of thee, old man,
As following out the Christian plan —
Like some kind spirit from above,
Dispensing cordial-drops of love.

What countless prayers for thee ascend,
Thou rich man's teacher, poor man's friend,
The loved of nations — either side
The Atlantic hails thy name with pride.

The warrior's foot is heard with dread,
Where desolation marks its tread;
And while the conqueror home we hail,
Our joys are checked by mourners' wail.

But thou, where'er thy footsteps fall,
A bounty bring'st, a blessing call;
And hope revives where Want and Care
Had led their victims to despair.

Long may you live to bless mankind,
And win the prize by Heaven designed
For those who, faithful to their trust,
Are counted with the good and just.

The Man who, though Little, is Great.

Some honor the soldier, some honor the priest,—
Give all men their due, from the greatest to least;—
But one we all honor, and cannot o'errate:
'T is that little man who, though little, is great.

And first, as a soldier, he's great in the field;
For temp'rance he bears both the sword and the shield.
Who battles her foemen through county and state?
That brave little man who, though little, is great.

He marshals her armies, and leads in the van,
And victory still smiles on the brave little man:
His shot is as sure as the rifle of Fate—
That brave little man who, though little, is great.

And next as a priest he is found at his post,
And fervently prays for the whole human host:
No obstacles ever his ardor abate,—
That good little man who, though little, is great.

The blessings of thousands, so justly your due,
Are offered with prayers, Father Thompson, for you,
The man who for others toils early and late —
That good little man who, though little, is great.

When souls in the balance of Justice are weighed,—
For bodies count nothing when souls are assayed,—
The soul of our Thompson will prove sterling weight —
That good little man with a soul that is great.

Feb. 13, 1847.

Lines on the Death of my old Master,

Hubbard Oliver.

Farewell, my good old master;
Thy Maker calls thee home:
For thee there is a better world,
Where death can never come.

My faithful, good old master,
While I thy merits scan,
I feel thou hast not left behind
A kinder, better man.

Most honest in thy calling,
Most faithful to the trust,
For thee there is reserved a place
Among the truly just.

For seven years my master,
And constant to the end,
You were a father to my youth,
A kind and generous friend.

Nor can I e'er forget thee
While I on earth remain,
And hope that, whither thou art gone,
Our souls may meet again.

Lines to the Memory of

Dr. Noah Fifield, of Weymouth.

The winds that now the forests sear,
Disrobing with their frosty breath,
Tell us the reaper has been here,
The universal reaper — Death.

O'er all things living that can die,
He holds an undisputed power;
And all who live beneath the sky,
Death-sentenced, wait th' appointed hour.

He takes the good, he takes the bad;
And, sparing neither rich nor poor,
He takes the joyous and the sad;
His aim is true, his dart is sure.

To one he came, not unaware,
Who long his lifted hand withstood.
Remorseless Death! could'st thou not spare
The kind, the generous, just, and good?

For others oft he baffled thee,
And turned aside thy pointed dart:
Our prayers are vain — it was to be,
Or thou hadst spared that noble heart.

While, half relenting, thy rude hand
Was gently on his bosom laid,
The unseen angels 'round him stand
To twine the wreath that cannot fade.

His virtue in our memory lives;
His skill and kindness known to fame;
And while one grateful heart survives,
That heart will shrine loved Fifield's name.

Oct. 23, 1867.

Extempore Lines on hearing of the sudden Death of

Rev. Jonas Perkins.*

The ready need no warning;
A minute-man, he stands

* Mr. Perkins was born at North Bridgewater, Oct. 15, 1790. Commenced preaching for the Union Religious Society of Weymouth and Braintree, October, 1814. Was ordained pastor, June 15, 1815; resigned his pastorate in October, 1860, and continued to reside with his people until his decease, which occurred on Friday, June 26, 1874.

At noon, at night, or morning
To go when Heaven commands.

Our Christian friend and neighbor,
A vet'ran in the field,
On earth has ceased his labor —
His ministry is sealed.

He 's gone across the river,
Old soldier of the Cross;
His soul is with the Giver,
A gainer by our loss.

Farewell, kind friend and neighbor,
Our treasure we resign;
For all thy faithful labor
Shall endless joys be thine.

June 26, 1874.

Lines addressed to Miss S. T., of Weymouth, on the Death of her Sister,

Miss M. T.

What heart-cheering sounds are those words, of much meaning,
The home of our Father, the home of our friends,
When feet have grown weary, and head forward leaning,
To rest where our journey and sorrow all ends.

The home of our Father, by Jesus made ready —
The home of our friends who have journeyed before;
The light from their mansion shines brightly and steady,
And Jesus invites to the wide-open door.

Grieve not that thy loved ones have gone on before thee;
Earth still has its claim on thy labors of love.
Again to their arms will thy Father restore thee;
You 'll all meet again in His mansion above.

Lines on the Death of

Miss Susan Tufts, of Weymouth.

Has thy loved brother signaled thee,
That you from us have gone?
Or this world pleasant ceased to be
When being left alone?

Alone! No utterance strikes the ear
So like a wailing moan;
No sound so desolate and drear
As that sad word, Alone!

When all that we have loved from birth
To realms above have gone,
Oh! who would wish to stay on earth,
Lamenting all alone?

Father and mother you will see
In their bright home above;
Sister and brother wait for thee
In the blest realm of love.

Farewell, my friend; I 've known thee long:
Benevolent of mind,
From thee none ever suffered wrong;
None knew thee less than kind.

March 7, 1877.

To Gilman Collamore, Esq.

(Tribute of Gratitude.)

O thou who befriended the poor and forsaken,
And saved the unhappy from sorrow and care,
Accept the warm thanks of the sufferer thou 'st taken
From poverty's cavern, the den of despair.
When, hopeless and wretched, a prisoner you found me,
Attacked by foes and unsheltered by friends,
Your arm, like the girdle of Charity, bound me, —
Still succors, supports me, and warmly defends.
Oh! health to thine heart; Heaven's blessings attend thee,
Almoner of God in this region of woe:
May He who hast sent thee still save and befriend thee,
Till forth to His mansion triumphant you go.
And when the strict porter of heaven shall question,
"Who art thou?" thine eloquent soul shall declare,
"I am he who has rescued the poor from destruction,
And saved the unhappy from grief and despair."

Lines on the Death of

Miss Nancy Bradley.

Pale are those lips, and cold in death,
That once were ruby red:
Once perfumed with her honey breath,
That breath, alas! has fled.

No more those once expressive eyes
Shall glad her lover's heart:
Vain were his prayers, his tears, and sighs
To avert the fatal dart.

'T was Heaven's eternal, fixed decree,
"The soul that sins shall die;"
But sure that law affects not thee —
Thy life was purity;

But, for our first great parents' crime,
This evil doomed to bear,
Now transferred to a happier clime,
Thy Maker's love to share.

Adieu, sweet maid! thy virgin tomb
Is bathed with mourners' tears;
And strewed with flowers of sweet perfume —
An emblem of thine early bloom,
Thy few, but blameless years.

A Tribute to a Soldier.

Henry L., eldest son of F. M. Adlington, of Weymouth, a Corporal in Company G, Tenth New Hampshire Volunteers, after fighting in many battles, was taken prisoner and sent to Richmond, where he was offered good pay and rations if he would work at his trade for the rebels. His answer was, "I will die first." He was sent to Salisbury, North Carolina, where he is reported by A. D. Richardson to have died, on the 28th day of November, 1864, one month from the time of his capture.

Again the mournful tidings come —
 Another son a victim dies ;
I seem to hear the muffled drum
 Borne on the winds from Southern skies.

Had he have fall'n by manly foe,
 I would have borne the heavy stroke,
Nor murmured, though the crushing blow
 That stilled his heart my own had broke ;

But starved to death in Southern den,
 Where murdered thousands swell the proof
That Slavery nurtures things called men,
 Whose footprints show the Demon's hoof —

Are these the men for whom we plead,
 The men for whom we kindly care —
Men who with husks their victims feed,
 And starve by thousands in their lair ?

And shall they, while their hands are red
 With blood of fathers, brothers, sons,
By us be kindly clothed and fed,
 While unavenged our own blood runs ?

No! by the first of Nature's laws
Let the destroyer be destroyed:
We have a just and righteous cause —
Then let our means be all employed

To punish, with determined zeal,
The soulless, base, barbarian crew:
This, only this can make them feel —
This only give such foes their due.

June 17, 1865.

Stephen S. Adlington.

A member of Company H, Thirty-fifth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers; died at Miamiville, near Cincinnati, Ohio, Sept. 6th, 1866, of cholera — superinduced, no doubt, by the hardships endured when sent to the aid of Gen. Grant at Vicksburg. When Company H, of the Thirty-fifth Regiment, was forming in Weymouth, he was the first to volunteer in the ranks.

There is a tie that binds us yet,
That death cannot destroy —
A father's heart will not forget
His own loved, faithful boy.

Dear Stephen, I remember well
When came the 'larum call:
You foremost sprang the ranks to swell
Within that crowded hall;

And, faithful in our country's cause,
The soldier's perils dared,
Confronting death to guard our laws,
And every danger shared.

Although from battles safe returned,
Yet, toil and trial worn,
The martyr's crown was fairly earned,
And should thy grave adorn.

Walter Scott Adlington.

To my son, Walter Scott Adlington, who died and was buried near Budd's Ferry, on the Potomac, Dec. 7, 1861.

They tell me thou art dead, my son,
And buried in a distant land;
But if thy life on earth were done,
How could'st thou here before me stand?

By night or day to me the same,
I see thee still, where'er I move:
Thou seem'st to call me by my name,
Awakening all a father's love.

Is it thy spirit hov'ring near,
Not yet ascended to the skies?
And hast thou come my heart to cheer,
And with thy presence glad mine eyes?

Thine image, graven on my brain,
Nor time nor distance can destroy:
Death had no power to break the chain
That binds us still, my darling boy.

There is a world — so prophets tell —
Enshrined with glittering gems on high,
Where kindred souls may safely dwell,
And tears be wiped from every eye.

There will I hope my son to see,
With num'rous friends united there,
From danger, sin, and sorrow free,
Rejoicing in our Father's care.

March 18, 1862.

At the Brigade Hospital, Camp Hooker, Chickamixon, near Budd's Ferry, Maryland, on December 7th, of typhoid fever, Walter S. Adlington, youngest son of F. M. Adlington, of Weymouth, Mass., and a member of Company F, Massachusetts Eleventh.

The following extracts are from a letter from Col. Wm. Blaisdell to F. M. Adlington: —

"I can conscientiously bear testimony to uniform good conduct and soldierly propriety on the part of your son * * * *

"Not on the battle-field he died, but still no less a sacrifice to duty. His young life is not without its lesson, and we feel here the cause which numbers amongst its defenders such bright spirits as Walter Scott Adlington must be blessed in its results — insuring liberty to mankind and death to human slavery."

His country called; his brave young heart
Responded, promptly, firmly, "Here!"
Though hard from loving friends to part,
He dashed aside the starting tear.

A mother's kiss — a father's prayer —
To brothers, sisters, friends — adieu!
The stripling laid his bosom bare,
In Freedom's cause to dare and do.

His country's call must be obeyed,
And, numbered with a gallant band
With Freedom's holy flag displayed,
He sprang to guard his native land.

And forward, on, as speeds the gale,
To Bull Run's bloody field of woe,
Where balls and shells poured down like hail,
The brave young soldier fought the foe.

Repulsed, reluctant to retreat,
Yet still to duty ever true,
He dragged along his wearied feet,
Resolved again to dare and do.

But death came near his quiet camp;
His comrades tried in vain to save.
His eyes are closed, his brow is damp;
They've laid him in the soldier's grave.

And can I write thine epitaph,
My own, my dear, loved, faithful boy;
My aid, my sentinel, my staff,
My hope and triumph, and my joy.

My darling boy, and must you lie
Where traitors' feet may plough the sod?
Be still, my heart; beyond the sky
Thy loved one's with his Father, God.

Jan. 18, 1862.

The Young Volunteer.

(Air — The Wounded Huzzar.)

* The following lines are a versification of a portion of several letters written by the comrades of Walter Scott Adlington,† a member of Company F, Eleventh Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers, who died at Camp Hooker, Chickamixon, near Budd's Ferry, Md., December 7, 1861.

Far, far from his home, near Potomac's famed river,
Young Adlington slumbers, the friend we held dear;
His soul has gone forth to the ark of the Giver:
He cares for our comrade, the young volunteer.

No kindred were near, yet kind friends were around him,
Who over his relics restrained not the tear.
Where, honored, we 've laid him the angels have found him;
They watch o'er the grave of the young volunteer.

So faithful in duty, so kind and engaging,
In friendship so gen'rous, so warm, and sincere,
So firm when around him the battle was raging,
Was Walter, our comrade, the young volunteer.

Farewell to our friend; though so early departed,
His mem'ry shall live in our hearts ever near.
Farewell to thee, Walter, the brave and true-hearted —
Farewell to our comrade, the young volunteer!

* First battle of Bull Run.

† He was born in Braintree, Norfolk County, Mass., January 31, 1842. Youngest son of Francis M. and Abigail W. Adlington, then residents of Weymouth, Mass.

To the Memory of the Brave.

Low stoops the warrior's head; his crest
Has sunk upon the earth's cold breast:
His lilied plume is crimsoned o'er;
His martial garb is drenched in gore.

His soul is fleeting fast away,
To quit its ruined house of clay;
His burnished arms, that blazed so bright,
And glittered in the solar light,

Are bathed in blood; that hand is cold
That braved the boldest of the bold.
In Freedom's cause the martyr dies,
And glory seals the warrior's eyes.

He fell amid the unconquered brave;
He would not live to live a slave.
His gallant heart disdained to yield;
He died upon the battle-field.

Plant o'er his grave the laurel wreath;
He earned it with his latest breath.
"Victory or death!" was all he said,
Then fell amid the glorious dead.

His banner o'er his head shall lie
Who for his country dared to die;
And no unhallowed foot shall tread
The sod that hides his honored head.



PATRIOTIC

Ode for the Fourth of July, 1818.

Let Europe's trampled millions to tyrants bow the knee ;
We scorn the patient bondman who dares not to be free.
All hail to Independence ! bright morn of freedom, hail !
Where'er thy starry banner floats oppression's shackles fail.
While o'er Columbia's ransomed land the flag of freemen waves,
Its motto's "Death or liberty ! — our birthrights or our graves."

All hail to thee, my country ! where Freedom's temples rise,
Where Justice lifts her equal scales, and merit wins the prize ;
All hail to thee, our Chieftain, who bears Columbia's sword,
And points our soldiers when to charge, our sailors when to board.
While o'er Columbia's ransomed land the flag of freemen waves,
Its motto's "Death or liberty ! — our birthrights or our graves."

When Britain's vengeful thunders sent death in every sound,
When, in the desp'rate battle-strife, our fathers bled around,

Your Chieftain then, Columbia, on Trenton's bloody field,
Firm in the ranks of freemen fought; though wounded, scorned to yield.
While o'er our then unransomed land scarce did this banner wave,
He braved the roaring cannon's mouth for freedom or a grave.

Who bared his manly bosom to guard your rights that day,
Will ne'er desert his country's cause, or give her rights away.
Then wave the starry banner 'round, and fill the goblet high,
And let the rattling cannon's sound proclaim it through the sky:
While o'er Columbia's ransomed land the flag of freemen waves,
Its motto's "Death or liberty! — our birthrights or our graves."

We toast the land of freedom, its Chieftain and its laws,
Our vet'ran fathers whose remain, who fought in Freedom's cause;
We toast their sons, whose gallant deeds to gazing nations show
They'll shrink not where their fathers fought, nor stoop to Freedom's foe.
While o'er Columbia's ransomed land the flag of Freedom waves,
Its motto still is "Liberty! — our birthrights or our graves."

Anniversary Ode

Of the Washington Society, Boston, July 4, 1819.

(Tune — Wreaths for the Chieftain.)

Sons of the heroes who nobly contended
For freedom, the richest of blessings on earth,
Cherish in mem'ry from whence you descended,
And honor the soil that has given you birth.
Hark! where your thunders hurled,
Tell to a list'ning world
Liberty dwells on America's shore.
Look! where your banners wave,
Where Neptune's waters lave,
Float the striped buntings, the proud eagles soar.

Fill to the brim! "*Independence*" is toasted —
"Sons of the patriots of '75."
Hail to the day! it shall yearly be boasted;
Till mem'ry expires its honors shall thrive.
Hark to the merry bells!
List, where the echo tells
Liberty triumphs and *Tyranny* dies.
Hark! where the trumpet's sound
Rings through creation's bound,
Washington's spirit descends from the skies.

Father of Freedom! thy *legacy* given
Guides us in peace and supports us in war.
Soul of the Great! from thy mansion in heaven
Visit thy children in Liberty's car.

Hark! through the op'ning cloud
Hear the voice thund'ring loud,
"Sons, do your duty! your country protect!"
'T is Heaven's great decree
Freedom shall dwell with thee
While you your forefathers' virtues respect.

Now to our Chieftain, America's glory,
Friend of our country, our boast and our pride,
The song of the minstrel, the bright page of hist'ry,
Shall tell you have lived, and, for us, would have died.
Loud let the trump of Fame
Send forth his honored name,
He who ne'er stooped to Columbia's foe.
Green may his laurels spring
While heaven's arches ring
Wi' "God save our Chieftain, the patriot Monroe!"

Ye Olden Time.

The sun is rising o'er the sea,
The threat'ning clouds give way;
The drummers beat — the reveille
Salutes the rising day.

The gallant seamen man the shrouds,
And climb the loftiest spar;

With three times three they shake the clouds —
"Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!"

The merry bells strike up a glee,
The thund'ring cannons roar:
"Our fathers fought — and we are free!"
Re-echoes round the shore.

The notes of joy from every side
The jubilee proclaim;
The beggar cocks his hat with pride,
And swells the notes of fame.

The agèd vet'ran, midst the crowd,
Leans on his hick'ry cane:
Though low with age his body's bowed,
To-day he's young again.

The list'ning youth attentive stand
To hear the warrior tell
How oft beneath his 'venging hand
The foes of freedom fell.

He points to where his colors wave;
Delight illumes his eye:
"My sons, be like your fathers, brave;
"Like them be free, or die!"

His counsel, like electric fire,
Their youthful hearts inflame:
They press around the patriot sire,
With blessings on his name.

No sound is heard of discontent,
For all alike are free;
All give their patriot feelings vent
This day of jubilee.

The miser sweats his darling hoard
To bid the trav'ler stay,
And copious Plenty crowns her board
On this rejoicing day.

No voice of anguish meets the ear,
To bid our sorrow flow;
No suff'ring child of want is here
To breathe the plaint of woe.

Oh! never may this happy land
To hateful tyrants yield;
May Heaven's own thunders guard thy strand,
Thy free-born children shield.

July 4, 1814.

Ode for the Washington Society, Boston.

(Of which the author was a member.)

(Tune — Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled.)

Hark! again her clarion rings!
Lo! she comes on eagle's wings —
She who wealth and honor brings,
Heaven-born Liberty.

Midst your pines a home she sought;
In her cause your fathers fought;
With their blood her safety bought:
 Hail her jubilee!

Vict'ry bears her starry crown;
Despots, trembling, dread her frown:
See! she beats Oppression down;
 Slav'ry hides her head.

Far as earth's remotest bound
Be her sacred temples found;
With her own loud thunders sound
 Rock her cradle-bed.

Hark! the South her voice obeys;
New-born sons her standard raise;
May they win her smiles and praise,
 Conquer, and be free!

Where's the Spanish juggler's wand?
Wrested from his palsied hand:
Valor gave the great command,
"On, to liberty!"

'Neath her stripes the lion cowers;
'Neath her stars the crescent lowers:
Hail the day that made her ours —
 Hail her jubilee!

Grateful sons of generous sires,
Feed your patriotic fires;
Till life's latest spark expires
 Cherish liberty.

Written July 4, 1820.

Fourth of July, 1842.

Shout, children, shout! the day's your own,
Your gallant grandsires' legacy:
For you midst blood and fire they won
This jubilee of Liberty.
Wake every echo with your glee;
The patriots' fire survives in thee.

Huzza! behold your colors fly!
From ev'ry tow'ring mast they wave.
Beneath that flag who would not die,
Ere he would "live a coward slave"?
Shout, young ones, shout! strain every voice;
'T is Independent Day — rejoice!

Hark to the guns and sounding bells!
Their brazen mouths to all proclaim
Here Liberty, your birthright, dwells;
Do honor to her cherished name.
Shout, children, shout! the day's your own,
God's and your fathers' priceless boon.

Independent Day.

"'T is Independent Day, mamma;
Why don't they ring the bell?
Why don't they shout and cry, Huzza!
Dear mother, can you tell?

I asked my pa' to tell me why
The bells had not been rung;
With angry look he passed me by,
And bade me hold my tongue,
And muttered, 'twixt his grinding teeth,
'I blush to tell the chap,
The head for which we 'twined the wreath,
Deserves a motley's cap.'

"Last year they hanged the colors out,
And rang the bells like hum,
And all the people marched about,
And had a fife and drum;
And now they all look cross, or sick —
I wish somebody 'd tell —
Why is it, mother — tell me quick,
Why don't they ring the bell?"
"Alas! my son, we have no cause
For much rejoicing now;
Our traitors have made wicked laws,
To which we all must bow.

"Old Massachusetts feels the stroke,
Her hills and valleys groan;
She cannot bear a Tyrant's yoke,
And bow submissive down.
A voice is heard along her strand,
And echoed o'er the waves, —
'Cursed be the fiend who doomed this land
A trap for hunted slaves!'
Yet Fillmore wolves and Douglass hounds
Have made it slavery's hunting grounds.

"Why weeps my boy — why don't he play?"
"Oh, mother, need I tell?
They've murdered Independent Day!
We ought to toll the bell."

July 4, 1854.

Ode Written for Independent Day, 1875.

(Tune — Auld Lang Syne.)

Two hundred fifty years ago
The savage walked this strand,
Armed with his arrow and his bow,
The monarch of this land.

And here his light canoe he plied
Across the rolling waves:
Monatiquot, thy waters glide
'Round the poor Indians' graves.

Our fathers came; the savage fled
To forests far away:
On either side brave blood was shed,
In desperate affray.

Where'er the white man plants his foot
The savage must retire,
And make his dwelling with the brute,
Around his camping-fire.

Our fathers, freed from barbarous foes,
The church and schoolhouse raise;
And up to heaven, re-echoing, rose
Thanksgiving songs of praise.

The fire of freedom brightly glowed
In every patriot breast;
And, like the electric current, flowed
North, east, and south, and west,

When, O Britiannia,— shame to thee!—
Who Freedom's charter gave,
Assumed to subjugate the free,
And her own blood t' enslave.

But Hampden's blood was in their veins,
Who would not bow the knee:
Our fathers spurned the tyrant's chains;
They fought — and we are free.

We 'll not forget old Bunker Hill,
Concord, or Lexington,
But keep them fresh in mem'ry still,
Till Time his course has run.

Our cheers for Independence here
On lightning tongues will bound
Wide o'er the waves, our sons to cheer,
The spacious world around.

"Hail, Independence, evermore,"
Our dying patriots cry,
"Where floats our flag from shore to shore,
Forever and for aye!"

Old England.

Old England, the land whence our forefathers came,—
Though sometimes we wrangle, as relatives will, —
In blood and in language forever the same,
Deep, deep in our hearts there is love for thee still.

Your poets and patriots, your good men and wise,
We honor, and partially claim for our own ;
Your statesmen and heroes we know how to prize,
Rememb'ring with pride that our fathers were one.

From the land of the free, by our grandsires crowned,
We greet thee, our clime, as the noble and brave,
The nation for Freedom's great charter renowned,
Which suffers no tyrant, and owns not a slave.

Though ocean divides us may naught else divide ;
In friendship and peace may we ever remain,
By kinship, by justice, and honor allied,
Leagued ever the rights of mankind to sustain.

Mother and Daughter.

All hail our Pilgrim fathers' strand,
The dearest spot on earth !
And hail Britannia — hail the land
That gave our fathers birth !

Britain, the fount from whence we rose,
Her blood our veins that fill,
Although our fathers met as foes,
Their sons are brethren still.

Then weave her banner with our own,
And to the mast-head nail;
Freedom shall wear her double crown —
Mother and daughter, hail!

Our Fathers' Legacy.

Our fathers crossed the Atlantic waves,
And sought the rock where ocean laves,
For freedom or for freemen's graves —
The rock of the Old Colony.
The eagle from her pine-top nest,
Whose shadow kissed the ocean's breast,
Exulting, eyed each venturous guest,
And showed them to her progeny.

Fair Liberty beheld the sign:
"My bird," she cried, "can sure divine —
These eagle-hearted souls are mine,
The daring sons of Liberty.
Behold this Pilgrim band forlorn,
The mitre-cursed, the tyrant-scorned,
With sickness, toil, and famine worn,
These children of a Deity."

Along the shore the wild winds howled;
Around their camp the savage prowled;
The gloomy heavens above them scowled —
A starless, death-pall canopy.
The Pilgrim breathed no murmuring sigh;
In faith he fixed his hopes on high,
And vowed to conquer or to die,
For freedom and posterity.

And soon the Pilgrims' souls were tried;
With famine many a stout heart died;
Yet e'en in death they dared confide
In God, who giveth victory.
Before that brave, surviving band
The conquered savage fled the land;
Returning sunbeams warmed the sand,
And hope became reality.

Before their strokes the forest reeled;
The secret earth her stores revealed;
And Freedom crowned that barren field,
The altar of America.
Descendants of the pious few
Who suffered, toiled, and bled for you,
Think what you owe that gallant crew,
Those pioneers of Liberty.

The sons have ne'er their sires disgraced;
Through them the Pilgrim's blood is traced;
Their fathers' foe they boldly faced,
And Heaven awarded victory.

They beat the British lion down,
And tore the jewels from his crown.
Hail, Independence! 't is our own,
Our gallant fathers' legacy.

To Independence strike the lyre;
We 'll hail it till the world 's on fire,
And bless the son and bless the sire
Who honors Freedom's jubilee.
God bless their hearts and move their hands
Who, in our own, or foreign lands
Are breaking down Oppression's bands,
The accursed bands of slavery.

May 7, 1847.

Our Fathers.

(Tune — The White Cockade.)

Our fathers were a noble race
Of honest working-men, d'ye see;
And here they came to find a place,
A dwelling for the brave and free.
They crossed the sea for Freedom's soil,
And made it thrive by freemen's toil;
The freeman's home they bled to save,
And cursed be he who would enslave!

Our fathers fought against the crown —
They would not bear a tyrant's yoke;
And when in death they laid them down
A spirit from their ashes spoke:
We crossed the sea for Freedom's soil,
And made it thrive by freemen's toil;
The freeman's home we bled to save,
And cursed be he who would enslave!

Our fathers, for their legacy,
Have left to us the guardian care
Of this, the dwelling of the free,
For which they laid their bosoms bare.
They crossed the sea for Freedom's soil,
And made it thrive by freemen's toil;
The freeman's home they bled to save,
And cursed be he who would enslave!

Dishonor to the traitor's grave
Who clips the wings of Liberty.
His, Arnold's fame who would enslave
The land our fathers died to free.
They crossed the sea for Freedom's soil,
And made it thrive by freemen's toil;
The freeman's home they bled to save,
And cursed be he who would enslave!

Flag Song of Triumph.

(Tune — The Legacy.)

Aloft Columbia's flag is flying;
Around it rally brave boys in blue;
And should a foe, that flag defying,
Approach, your country will trust to you.

Well it is known our patriots never
Dishonor the flag of the brave and free;
Borne aloft, it shall float forever
Triumphant over the land and sea.

The stripes and stars are the freeman's banner;
It waves a blessing to all mankind.
That flag the nations delight to honor,
And welcome over the world 't will find.

On the hilltop, and down in the valley,
And over the lakes, and over the sea,
The boys in blue to the bugle rally
Around the flag of the brave and free.

The wronged from every clime and nation
Are swarming over the stormy brine,
And joyful seal to the obligation
To guard and honor our holy shrine.

Wave it aloft, our country's banner;
Salute it with cheers from shore to shore:
The sign of justice, of faith, and honor
Shall wave in triumph till time's no more.

October, 1868.

All Hail to our Country.

All hail the land that Freedom cheers,
The land of equal rights,
Where Justice rules, and Plenty rears
Her garden of delights.

The land where noble Warren bled,
The land of Washington;
Where lie the ever-honored dead
Who Freedom's battle won.

All hail the land that would not bend
Beneath Oppression's stroke,
But bravely dared their rights defend,
And spurned the tyrants' yoke.

Brave, ransomed land! forever more
To bear the starry sign
That ever more, from shore to shore,
Sweet Liberty is thine.

In vain would tyrants fix their throne
Where dwell the just and brave;
One blast upon their bugle blown
Shall rouse a world to save.

Freedom has fixed her altar here,
And, 'neath its mighty dome,
With shouts of joy and songs of cheer,
Her ransomed children come.

Hosanna to the Mighty One
Who gave the great decree,
"Columbia, land of Washington,
Forever more be free" —

The land where tyrants vainly strove
To rule with iron rod,
Forgetful that there dwells above
A just and righteous God.

My Native Land.

My native land, forever dear!
Though mine has been the poor man's lot
I love thee still, with heart sincere,
Nor are thy benefits forgot.

I share the glory of thy name,
The shelter of thy mighty shield;
And I with thee must bear the shame
If thou to vice or folly yield.

I feel that I am one of those
Who form a nation great and strong;
Engaged to battle with her foes,
To guard the right and check the wrong.

A grain amongst her sands to roll,
A drop amidst her oceans whirled,
I form a part of that great whole —
A refuge for the suff'ring world.

Co-heir of all her praise or blame,
Her manly sons who cross the sea
And win a justly honored name,
Confer a benefit on me.

If there may be excuse for pride,
I am a patriot soldier's son,
And, by my country's birth, allied
To thee, immortal Washington.

My native land, forever dear,
While o'er my head your colors wave,
I scarce can realize that here
There breathes a tyrant or a slave.

Ah! would those wrongs our hearts deplore
Were blotted out, no more to be;

That all who tread Columbia's shore
Enjoyed the blessings of the free.

Then would her stars a light disclose
To gazing nations 'round the world;
Her stripes a terror to her foes
Where'er her sons their flag unfurled.

My Country.

My country! from my early youth
I have been taught to love thy name,
And I have learned thy sterling worth,
And gloried in thy noble fame.

Their names who on the battle-ground
Or in the Senate served thee true,
By mem'ry to my heart-strings bound,
Preserve the record ever new.

And now, when at thy trumpet's call
For sons to serve thee in the field,
While Northern traitors from thee fall,
Who should have been thy stay and shield,

Though age and feebleness be mine,
At home I scarce can patient bide;
My little strength I would were thine,
To aid thee in the battle-tide —

To follow where thy banner leads,
 To roll the car of vict'ry on,
And help to do as noble deeds
 As others in thy cause have done,

The willing heart indeed would go,
 The quickened, kindling blood will warm;
But vainly 'gainst the vaunting foe
 Unconscious lifts the feeble arm.

My sons — may Heaven my children save —
 Are with thee battling 'gainst the foe:
One lies within a soldier's grave,
 And fate may lay my others low;

But rather than to traitors yield
 This glorious land of liberty,
My all that 's mine will bide the field,
 And with our country live or die.

A Nation's tears bedew the grave
 Of those who scorned her rights to sell —
Who, struggling manfully to save,
 Like Warren and like Lyon, fell.

A glorious future must await
 Those who survive this fearful strife —
Men who restored the periled State
 From threatened death to healthy life.

Their country's gratitude and praise,
 Their own self-consciousness of right,

A Nation's blessing all their days,
The patriot soldier shall requite.

God pardon those misguided ones
Who basely choose a traitor's fame:
Their blood through ages, while it runs,
Will bear the Arnold mark of shame.

Time will not make the record fade,
Nor wash away the foul disgrace:
Scorn's finger ever will upbraid
The guilty traitor's hapless race.

Oh! who their offspring would consign
To such a hope-destroying state —
To have no country, know no shrine —
Doomed lepers, marked for scorn or hate!

Are you a parent? Ponder well;
Nor let your children curse the day
Their father, leagued with traitors, fell,
To throw their birthrights all away,

And left them orphans on that shore
That mothers all of patriot race —
To them a parent now no more,
Memorials of her sad disgrace!

Aug. 22, 1863.

Our Union.

I love our Union, love each State,
The new as well as old;
Nor would I see them separate
For all their weight in gold.

But rather than I would resign
The birthright of the free,
Had I the power, I'd draw a line
Of fire, from sea to sea,

And say to those who slav'ry love,
"Now try your servile plan;
Let those who liberty approve
Enjoy the rights of man!"

And he who treads your sacred shore,
That moment shall be free;
The accursèd slave-hunter no more
Shall outrage Liberty.

But would a line of fire suffice
The bondmen to restrain?
No; in their strength the slaves would rise,
And pass the fiery chain.

Nor would the angry despot dare
Pursue his flying slave:
Their pass to him would prove a snare—
The passport to his grave.

Away, then, with that tricksy whine
The Union band to save,
When Freedom says, "The stars are mine;
The stripes no more shall wave!"

Full well do all slaveholders know
They lean on Freedom's shield,
And if she meets them as a foe,
That slav'ry's fate is sealed.

Whene'er she rends her Union flag,
And casts the stripes away,
Alas! for all the Southrons' brag
They'll deeply rue the day.

"Our Country, Wrong or Right."

The strain the patriot poet sung,
That sounded 'round his fairy lakes,
And o'er the misty hilltops rung,
On distant shores the echo wakes;

"With all thy faults I love thee still,
Dear Scotia, oh! my native land!"
For weal or woe, for good or ill,
He gave his heart and gave his hand.

He loved her still, despite her crimes,
And with a childlike love caressed;
'Though sorrow mantled o'er his rhymes,
He would not foul the parent nest.

He could not tear his heart away,
And curse the land that gave him birth,
Or act the traitor, and betray
The patriot's dearest spot on earth.

This is that true and constant love
By every honest patriot shown —
The spirit that would faithful prove
Though all the world beside should frown.

But every nation sins at times:
What then, should patriot hearts oppose?
Rebuke and lash them for their crimes,
Not give the scourge to heartless foes.

Those words, "Our country, wrong or right,"
Re-echoed now from every hill,
If viewed but in a candid light,
They but express, "I love thee still."

I love thee still, my native land,
With all thy faults, though great they be;
Nor would I, with thy foemen, band
To bow thy neck or bend thy knee.

'T is nature's universal truth,
We love our own, how'er defiled.

Would'st prove it? Seize that guilty youth;
Strike down that mother's erring child.

Would not the Amazonian light
Flash from the mildest mother's eye?
Would she not guard him, wrong or right,
And every means to save him try?

The patriot, in as dear a light,
Beholds his country, good or ill.
She is his mother, wrong or right;
He loves, supports, and guards her still.

April 10, 1847.

America.

America's a wretched place,
Some folks pretend to say;
If so, I wonder why such swarms
Are flocking on this way!
I wonder why they didn't think
'T was best at home to stay.

I'm thinking that, with all its faults,—
And it has some, I know,—
A better place to find a friend,
Or shelter from a foe,
With all their ingenuity
They can't begin to show.

A better place to earn their bread,
If but a mind to try,
To educate their little ones,
And lay the shiners by,
They have n't found, and can't begin
To find beneath the sky.

Yet some will take the liberty
Their freedom to misuse —
The hand that feeds and shelters them
To heartlessly abuse ;
For which they in most foreign lands
Perchance their ears might lose.

I love to see the foreigner
Seek comfort on our shore ;
To enter, as they freely do,
Our ever-open door :
I love to know my native land's
A shelter for the poor ;

But base ingratitude I hate,
And scorn the viper knave
Who strikes his venom to the hand
Outstretched from harm to save :
The ungrateful guest on Freedom's shore
Is still to vice a slave.

John Bull and Uncle Sam.

(Written to please my little boys.)

John Bull with Uncle Sam fell out,
And stumped him out to fight, sir.
Says John, "We 'll have a lusty bout,
To set the matter right, sir!"

Cho.— Take it, Johnny, fair or rough —
You 've long deserved a beating;
And though you seldom cry enough,
We know it by your bleating.

Now off went coats and down went stakes,
And both began to square, sir;
And each his best advantage takes
To pull the other's hair, sir.

Now John was clumsy, fat, and big,
So Uncle Sam got hold, sir,
And dusted well his royal wig,
When John began to scold, sir.

He said he knew it was n't fair —
Called Uncle Sam a clown, sir;
And said he did n't think he 'd dare
To shake his daddy's crown, sir.

But Uncle Sam kept thumping still,
And plumped him hip and thigh, sir;
'Till John, though much against his will,
For quarter had to cry, sir.

He begged he would some pity take,
And offered, too, to treat, sir;
Resigned his honor and his stake,
And owned that he was beat, sir.

Now Uncle Sam, though loth to quit,
At length gave up the fray, sir,
And giving John a parting hit,*
Exulting marched away, sir.

Now, John, when next you want to box,
Don't box with Uncle Sam, sir;
For, faith, you'll find his sturdy knocks
Are something more than sham, sir.

Now here's a health to Uncle Sam —
Old Hickory, too, d' ye see, sir,
Who tripped the heels of Packingham,
And packed him off to sea, sir.

* At New Orleans.

On the Impressment of American Seamen.

Columbia's tars, a gallant crew,
And worthy of their country's care,
With fearless hearts their course pursue
Where tempests roar and lightnings glare.

Their country's colors to display,
And load her ports with wealth, they sail;
Intrepid plough the trackless way,
And o'er the ocean storms prevail.

But lo! what can their hearts appall?
Why shrink they back with timid fear?
Hark! hark! they hear their messmates call,
"A British cruiser's bearing near!"

Now to escape pursuit they strive,
And force their laden bark along —
With every sail the vessel drive,
Their much-loved freedom to prolong.

But all their efforts naught avail;
The light-winged pirate on them gains;
The whizzing balls their masts assail;
Their deck with crimson gore distains.

The hapless crew in terror hide;
Their rapid course the pirates stay;
The hostile boats approach the side,
To bear our free-born sons away.

The refuse of his native land,
The minion of a tyrant vile,
Drags forth the persecuted band,
And marks his base employer's spoil.

The wretched youth, with terror pale,
Presents the pass his country gave;
But justice now can naught avail —
They throw his passport to the wave.

On board the floating dungeon borne,
The lash the cruel tyrants ply;
From freedom, friends, and country, torn,
With bloodhounds doomed to live and die.

In vain he supplicates release;
Cold avarice locks his galling chains;
And to the dastard cry of Peace,
He owes his agonizing pains.*

(Written in 1811.)

Sailor's Rights.

(Tune — Methodist Hymn.)

Awake, arise, Columbia's sons!
Gird on your sword, and grasp your guns,

* The author had a brother impressed and detained several years on board a British frigate.

To shield your country fly!
To shield your country fly!
Those rights your fathers bought, maintain,
Midst seas of blood and heaps of slain —
Live free or nobly die!
Live free or nobly die!

Our cause is just — 't is Freedom's cause;
For sailor's rights and nation's laws
We light the torch of war,
We light the torch of war.
Our motto this, With honor, peace,
Or war till wars on earth shall cease,
Till time shall be no more,
Till time shall be no more.

Nailed to the mast our colors wave,
To lower but o'er our nation's grave,
On Freedom's funeral pyre,
On Freedom's funeral pyre.
The foe shall cease our sons to harm,
Or ocean with our fleets shall swarm
To wrap their coasts in fire,
To wrap their coasts in fire.

We swear to save our native land
Or perish, like the Spartan band,
Contending to be free,
Contending to be free.
Secure, our stripes and stars shall spread,
Or, bathed in blood, the Britains dread,
Triumphant ride the sea,
Triumphant ride the sea.

Patriotic Song.

(Tune — Auld Lang Syne.)

The tyrant of the raging main
 Again your country braves,
And o'er the ocean casts his chain
 To make your children slaves.

Then rush to guard your native shores,
 Your rights upon the sea;
In thunder plead your righteous cause,
 And conquer, to be free.

Around your country's standard throng!
 To arms, ye patriots, fly!
Resolved your freedom to prolong,
 To conquer, or to die.

Your sons in foreign dungeons bound
 Invoke your aid to save;
Then let your thundering cannon's sound
 Speak freedom to the slave.

With patriot armies line your strand,
 Your country's foes defy;
Unite, and, like the Spartan band,
 Live free, or nobly die.

Your hardy sons the ocean brave,
 In vengeance take the field;
Columbia yet shall rule the wave,
 And haughty Britain yield.

1812.

Congratulatory.

(On the Visit of President Monroe to Boston.)

Aloft Columbia's banner waves,
And loud her thunders roar:
That banner awes all foreign slaves,
Those thunders guard our shore.
Why floats our starry flag on high?
Why roll our thunders 'round the sky?

Our Chief, Columbia's Chief, is near —
Columbia's friend, the patriot tried;
To every virtuous bosom dear —
Our own, our much-loved country's pride.
Lift up our starry flag on high,
And roll our thunders 'round the sky!

Strike up, strike up the merry bells,
Swell the high notes of festive glee,
While Freedom's loudest clarion tells
To listening worlds, Columbia's free!
Lift up our starry flag on high,
And roll our thunders 'round the sky!

Behold our Chief, a nation's choice;
His worth e'en party rancour calms:
His mandate is Columbia's voice,
His guard, the western world of arms.
Lift up our starry flag on high,
And roll our thunders 'round the sky!

New England, nurse of Liberty,
That with thy blood that goddess fed —
That shrunk not when her foes were nigh,
But rushed to guard her cradle-bed —
Lift up your starry flag on high,
And roll your thunders 'round the sky!

Bostonia, bid thy trumpet sound,
Thy gallant martial strength display;
Let the loud welcome, pealing 'round,
Salute your Chieftain on his way.
Lift up your starry flag on high,
And roll your thunders 'round the sky!

He comes! he comes! your Chief is here —
Columbia's sword, Columbia's shield;
Give him the long, loud, heartfelt cheer
Who with his blood your freedom sealed.
Lift up your starry flag on high,
And roll your thunders through the sky!

Consul Meade,

On his Release from a Spanish Dungeon.

When our citizen Meade had a prisoner lain
For two years and more in the dungeons of Spain,
The patriot Monroe took the first chair of state,
And resolved to have justice done, however late.

He called to our Eagle; she heard from afar,
And came with her emblems of peace and of war.
"Throw the olive aside," says Columbia's Chief;
"The war dart will serve, for your message is brief.
I've heard o'er the ocean, the rivers, and plain,
A son of Columbia in fetters complain.
Go tell the proud Spaniard across the wide waves,
The sons of Columbia will never be slaves.
Go tell the proud monarch his prey to resign;
Columbia demands it, and vengeance is mine!"
Like lightning she flies o'er the loud-sounding main,
And hears the poor captive in fetters complain.
She seeks the proud monarch; she shows the red dart:
His knees shake with terror, and sunk is his heart.
She tells him her message, oft told him in vain:
"I come here for justice, proud monarch of Spain.
Columbia demands that her sons shall be free,
Or the blood of your subjects shall crimson the sea!"
He shrinks from the glance of her soul-piercing eye,
And vainly attempts from her talons to fly.
He bends with reluctance the long-stiffened knee:
The fetters are broke, and the prisoner is free.
Victoria, Columbia, no prison on earth
Shall stay thy free sons from the land of their birth.

Song.

Written for and sung at the Anniversary of the Worcester Light Infantry.

(Tune — Scots wha hae.)

When the British tyrant bore
O'er our land the sovereign power,
By their hopes our fathers swore
 Free to live or die.

Every patriot arm was bared:
When the union flag was reared,
Every heart by freedom cheered
 Beat for liberty.

Soon the trial-day came on,
When each brave American
Sought the camp of Washington,
 Pointing to their graves:

Hungry on the field of toil,
Barefoot on the frozen soil,
Bravely suff'ring pain and spoil,
 Scorning to be slaves.

Shall the sons disgrace their sires?
No, by the eternal fires!
He who Freedom's course inspires
 Bears the triple shield.

By the martyr Warren's shade,
By our country's battle-blade,
By the vow our fathers made,
We will never yield!

Should we hear our country's call,
'Though this flag should be our pall,
We will rally, one and all,
Where our fathers trod.

Like them, on the battle-ground,
When the 'larum trump shall sound,
On the post of honor found,
Trusting in their God.

The Citizen Soldier.

Sung by Mr. Canterbury, at a dinner given by Gilman Collamore, Esq., to the independent company called the Boston Fusileers (of which he was formerly a Lieutenant), on the occasion of presenting them with a new standard, painted by Curtis, on which were the arms of Massachusetts — an Indian with a bow and arrow. Present, Gen. Wells and other invited guests.

(Tune — Wreaths to the Chieftain.)

Guardians of Freedom, of Justice, and Virtue,
Citizen soldiers of Liberty's soil,
Victory's pledge a Columbian presents you;
Guard it from insult and shield it from spoil.

Should the shrill battle-cry
Ring through your native sky,
Then to this standard, undaunted, repair,
Where every shot must tell:
Let the foe mark it well;
Bid him behold it — behold and despair!

Hail, Massachusetts! America's favorite;
Long may the blessing remain on your head.
Cursed be the wretch that would plunder thy birthright,
And famished the knave who would sell it for bread.
Strong be your warrior's bow —
Ne'er may he miss your foe;
Sure winged his dart as the arrows of fate.
Cheered be your patriot hearts,
Cherished your liberal arts,
Pillars and wreaths in the Temple of State.

Liberty, long ere your brave fathers wooed her,
Roamed a poor wanderer, oppressed by despair.
Washington sought, and successful pursued her —
On you he bestowed her; protect her with care.
Ne'er be her blooming charms
Clasped in a traitor's arms;
Long may she bless our American shore.
'Till she departs the world,
Still be this flag unfurled;
When she expires may time be no more.

Strong be the links in the chain of the Union;
Ne'er may we Washington's precepts forsake:
ong may we live in this blessèd communion,
And scorned be the slave who the compact would break.

Now to the Commonwealth —
Now to our Chieftain's health;
Now to our newly crowned sister of Maine.*
Here's to the stripes and stars;
Ne'er may our gallant tars
Nail to the mast the striped bunting in vain.

The Old Soldier's Petition

To the Congress of the United States.

The soldier was young, he was ardent and strong,
Encircled by all that endears,
When the voice of his country, to shield her from wrong,
Like a fire-cry rang on his ears.

He left his fair wife with the babe on her knee,
The altar and home of his sire;
He heard but one voice —'t was his country's; for thee,
For thee to contend or expire.

* First published Nov. 9, 1850, but written some years previous, I do not remember precisely — between 1820 and 1830, or soon after Maine became a State. F. M. A.

His country has triumphed; the soldier returns,
But battered and worn in the strife,
To sit on the hearth where his small fire burns,
Supported and nursed by his wife.

And forty years after, when feeble and poor,
He calls on his country for aid,
Say, shall his petition be thrown on the floor?
Shall thus the old soldier be paid?

July 8, 1854.

The Soldiers and Sailors of 1812-15.

They are going — going — going
To their last, long resting-place,
Who patiently have waited
For a thankless country's grace.

Go now and build their monuments,
And claim your kindred blood —
You who, while they were suff'ring here,
Unheeding by have stood.

Go, ingrates! shed above their graves
Your hypocritic tears,
And boast that you have honored them
With plaudits and with cheers.

When haughty Britain made her boast,
"Britannia rules the waves,"

Impressed your seamen, seized your ships,
And sought to make you slaves,

The men of eighteen hundred twelve,
In many desp'rate fights,
The noble principle maintained
Of just and equal rights.

Their prowess broke the tyrants' spell,
And freed Columbia's shore:
The pirate of the ocean wave
Can rule the seas no more.

No more our gallant seamen fear
The press-gang on the sea:
The men of eighteen hundred twelve
Have made the ocean free.

March 9, 1867.

New England War-cry.

New England has sounded her war-cry again,
And her sons to the call from hill, valley, and plain,
With rifle, and sabre, and death-dealing balls,
Like a tempest rush on where dear Liberty calls.

The blood of the Pilgrims is mounting again;
To the front, like your fathers — their glory sustain.

To the front, brave New England; ring out your war-cry,
"The true sons of the Pilgrims will conquer or die!"

Woe, woe to the traitors who dare to contend
With the phalanx New England to battle will send;
For ne'er have her sons on a battle-field trod
Unreliant of Justice, of Freedom, or God.

Nor ever for vict'ry alone do they fight,
But the cause of humanity, freedom, and right —
The cause of O'Connell, of Wallace, and Tell,
And of every brave heart who for Liberty fell;

The cause of mankind — and it shall be sustained,
Though the blood of our hearts should in torrents be drained:
Though tyrants with traitors unnumbered unite,
We, undaunted, will meet them for God and the right.

Now's the Time; be Up and Doing.

Though Old Time my hand has shaken,
With the pen it still can guide;
Some to arm it may awaken
Who will fight on Freedom's side.

If but one, at my endeavor,
 Springs to beat oppression down,
Sacred in my heart forever,
 I will use him as my own.

One in number's but a trifle,
 Yet we may from history learn,
One brave heart and one good rifle
 May the scale of victory turn.

We are Coming.

We are coming by the thousands,
 As our brothers came before —
Who well redeemed their manly pledge
 On many a field of gore.

From the woodland and the city,
 From the mountain and the glen,
We are coming, coming, coming —
 Twice five hundred thousand men.

All our bugle-notes are ringing,
 And the cry is, Still we come;
While from every hill and valley
 Echoes Freedom's larum drum.

On the ocean, lake, and rivers
 Floats the banner of the free;
We are coming, coming, coming —
 The true sons of Liberty.

Lo! a million gallant spirits
Armed in Freedom's holy cause,
To impale the heart of Treason,
And sustain our nation's laws,

To protect the world's asylum,
In defense of all that 's dear,
We are coming, coming, coming —
We are coming; we are here!

We are here to fight for Freedom,
And where'er our banners wave,
By the stars now floating o'er us,
We will know no man a slave!

We are coming, will be coming,
We who never bent the knee,
Till Maine replies to Oregon,
All 's well; our country 's free —

Until all domestic traitors
Feel the sword they dared defy,
And foreign nations love or fear
This land of LIBERTY.

We are coming, coming, coming —
We are coming; we are here:
Let the rebel tyrants tremble
When our earthquake tread is near!

We are coming, coming, coming —
And the flag that o'er us waves
Shall adorn the Ark of Freedom,
Or enshroud us in our graves.

Sept. 16, 1862.

Fight on for Liberty.

A colored soldier in Tennessee was mortally wounded. He told his officer that he could not live, but would die fighting for the flag of Liberty, and continued to discharge his rifle till he fell dead on the field of glory.

(Tune — Auld Lang Syne.)

The ball had crushed a vital part —
He could not long survive;
But, with a brave and loyal heart,
For victory still would strive:
For victory still would strive,
For victory still would strive;
But, with a brave and loyal heart,
For victory still would strive.

His rifle 'gainst the traitor foe
With deadly aim would ply,
And, till his life-blood ceased to flow,
Fight on for liberty:
Fight on for liberty!
Fight on for liberty!
And, till his life-blood ceased to flow,
Fight on for liberty!

His skin was of the ebon hue,
His heart was nobly brave;
To country, flag, and freedom true,
He would not live a slave:

He would not live a slave;
He would not live a slave;
To country, flag, and freedom true,
He would not live a slave.

His rifle flashed — a traitor falls,
While death is in his eye;
He bravely to his comrades calls,
"Fight on for liberty!"
Fight on for liberty!
Fight on for liberty!
He bravely to his comrades calls,
"Fight on for liberty!

He looked upon his bannered sign,
He bowed his noble head;
Farewell, belovèd flag of mine,
Then fell among the dead:
Then fell among the dead,
Then fell among the dead;
Farewell, belovèd flag of mine,
Then fell among the dead.

His comrades will remember well
The hero's battle-cry,
As in the arms of Death he fell —
"Fight on for liberty!
Fight on for liberty!
Fight on for liberty!
As in the arms of Death he fell —
"Fight on for liberty!

And still for liberty and laws
His comrades will contend,
Till victory crowns the righteous cause,
And tyrant powers shall end:
And tyrant powers shall end,
And tyrant powers shall end;
Till victory crowns the righteous cause,
And tyrant power shall end.

Though low in earth the martyr lies,
Still rings his battle-cry;
From hill to hill the echo flies,
"Fight on for liberty!"
Fight on for liberty!
Fight on for liberty!
From hill to hill the echo flies,
"Fight on for liberty!"

Shall We Forget Them? Never!

(Air — Soldier's Return.)

The bugles 'woke the echoes 'round
Our humble rustic dwelling;
And promptly at the thrilling sound,
His heart with ardor swelling,
Our gallant boy the rifle grasped,
To go where cannons rattle —
The clinging bands of love unclasped
To meet the front of battle.

His country's blessing with him goes,
Her banner floating o'er him,
And warm the supplication rose,
"Our father's God, restore him!
In danger's path, where duty led,
'Gainst cold and hunger striving,
The naked Earth the stripling's bed,
The rain-storm o'er him driving —

The toilsome march, the rugged way,
The foeman's battle round him,
Yet still where duty led the way
His comrades ever found him.
A righteous cause his heart sustains,
That beats with faith untiring;
The love of country warms his veins,
The Pilgrim's blood inspiring.

In vain, by barb'rous murders done,
His foemen would appall him;
The patriot soldier marches on
Where Freedom's bugles call him.
But hark! there sounds the muffled drum;
The soldier's dirge is swelling;
The mournful tidings hither come,
And reach our humble dwelling.

Your faithful son the battle strife
Met, where his country bade him,
Unscathed, till fever preyed on life:
In honor's bed they 've laid him.

Mourn not for him; his living name
The meed of praise awarded
Is graven on the rock of fame,
To latest time recorded.

Though doomed in Freedom's cause to fall,
And veiled in death's cold regions,
Again he 'll hear the trumpet's call,
And join the immortal legions.
Though thousands swell the martyr host,
Shall we forget them? Never!
The humblest name shall not be lost —
Their light will shine forever.

And millions yet, with patriot pride,
Will read th' ennobling story,
How their brave kindred fought or died,
And sing their songs of glory.
And while a relic shall remain
Who fought for Freedom's banner,
A grateful country will sustain,
A Nation's heart will honor.

Then rally 'round your father's flag,
Brave sons of noblest sires,
Nor let your patriot spirits lag
Till life's last spark expires.
That flag, by daring courage gained
'Gainst tyrant power contending,
Your children's birthright, leave unstained,
Or bravely die defending.

June 13, 1863.

Decoration Day, 1874.

The spirit asks, Can dry bones live?
Through faith our eyes can see
That He who made them life can give,
To live, our God, to thee.

From year to year we seek these mounds
Where our loved comrades lie:
Beneath these consecrated grounds,
To us they did not die.

From year to year with flowers we strew
These tear bedewèd graves,
And our fidelity renew
To our loved, honored braves.

Though buried here beyond our sight,
Their voices still ascend,
And say to us, "Maintain the right;
Our fathers' flag defend."

The cause for which they bravely died
Their brethren will sustain:
The flag that ever was their pride
Shall bear no coward stain!

Farewell! farewell! from year to year
We leave thee not alone;
Our hearts are with thee, comrades dear,
Till life's last battle 's done.

May 30, 1874.

Old Erin Awake!

Old Erin has started again on her taps,
And her boys are all making their liberty-caps:
She comes in her strength like the waves on our shore,
And regenerate Erin will stagger no more —
Huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza!

St. Patrick drove out all our vermin, 't is said,
But 't is some we 'll drive yet who are eating our bread.
O'Connell, that task is assignèd to thee,
And now give but the signal old Erin to free —
Huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza!

The vipers we nourished and fed by our toil,
Shall be pampered no more on the Emerald Isle:
So, Erin, prepare — for O'Connell make room;
He is grading the land to build Emmet a tomb —
Huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza!

For Erin her rank with the nations will take —
Her old gauntlet is ready when life is at stake;
Her helmet is off, and her bosom is bare,
But her shield is of proof against tyranny's spear —
Huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza!

Her herald advances with trumpet in hand,
And she waits but the signal and word of command:
She stands like a queen in her beauty and might,
And her motto is, Freedom, and God for the right —
Huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza!

Brave Erin is ready — she fears not a scar;
And now, boys, for her Slogan and Erin go bragh.
"On, on for old Erin!" resounds from afar,
For old Erin mavourneen, dear Erin go bragh —
Huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza!

The Flag of our Nation.

All hail to the glorious flag of our nation,
That gallantly triumphed o'er Albion's crown,
And gained by its prowess the world's approbation
When tyranny's colors went hopelessly down; —

The flag that at Bunker, at Monmouth, and Eutaw
Our noble old fathers baptized with their blood,
And, pledging their lives and their honor anew for,
Both tyrants and traitors undaunted withstood.

At Bennington, York, Saratoga, and Trenton
Our patriot heroes this banner upheld,
And death or their ever-dear liberty bent on,
The doubts and the fears of their country dispelled;

The flag of the free, that destroyed the delusion
That England the ocean might claim for her own,
When Hull, gallant Hull, in the old Constitution,
Sunk Britain's bold frigate, the Guerriere, down;

When Jackson at Orleans a vict'ry effected,
Despite the great bluster of Pakenham's boast,
And booty and beauty so bravely protected,
Triumphant o'er Wellington's much-vaunted host;

The flag that rose over the horns of the Crescent,
And made the piratical colors down haul:
The tyrant demanded for tribute a present;
We gave it, with interest, in powder and ball,

And taught the barbarian rovers of ocean
Respect for the flag of the brave and the free —
That powder and shot was the unfailing portion
We gave for the freedom and rights of the sea; —

The flag that in Mexico daringly flaunted,
And over its loftiest battlements rose,
Sustained by the men who, with courage undaunted,
Defied and subdued a brave nation of foes!

Oh! wave it aloft! let it float as our token,
Respected and honored on every far shore,
That slavery's yoke has been shattered and broken —
That tyranny fails, and can triumph no more.

Uphold and surround it, you gallant defenders;
Salute it with rev'rence, affection, and pride —
The banner of freedom, that never surrenders,
Ne'er was, and can never be, safely defied.

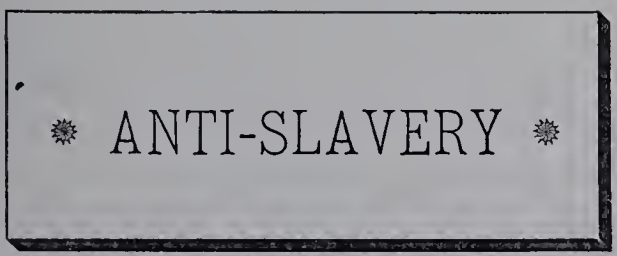
The stripes for our foes we display; they have felt them:
Our stars are the emblems of glory and light.
Let tyrants remember the blows we have dealt them —
Remember, take warning, and quail at the sight.

They fear — well they may — the joint strength of our
nation;
To scatter our stars they have foolishly tried;
But, fixed as the heavens our great Constellation —
'T is one, and can never, no, never divide.

The spirit of Washington faithfully hovers
Wherever the flag of his country's unfurled,
And Liberty welcomes and smiles on its lovers;
By thousands they come, from the ends of the world.

Huzza for our liberty — Heaven-blessed banner!
Huzza for the ark of the brave and the free!
Our tempest-proof ship has a world's crew to man her,
By nature the lords of the earth and the sea.




ANTI-SLAVERY



Were I a Yankee Maiden.

Were I a Yankee maiden,
 And a drop of blood could boast
Allied to that which warmed the hearts
 Of freedom's Pilgrim host,
While, on the free and sacred land
 Their toil and courage won,
A relic of their worth remained
 To fix the affections on,

I would not be a Southron's bride,
 To own a wretched slave:
Before I'd share a tyrant's bed,
 I'd share a freeman's grave!
What shame and sorrow must await
 The vain slaveholder's bride,
To eat the slave's tear-moistened bread —
 The bitter curse to bide:

To feel the deep and damning thought
 Suffuse her crimsoned cheek
That she it is who guides the lash,
 And tramples on the weak:

To know that all her gaudy dress
Is striped with blood and tears;
To know that every groan ascends,
And that th' Eternal hears:

To know a hair-suspended sword
Hangs o'er her guilty head,
And all her life and honors guard
Its weak and brittle thread:
To know that in her fatherland —
The dwelling of the free —
Her dearest friends would blush to show
A despot sympathy:

To know her meanest slave would meet
A welcome on that shore
Where she, a stigma on her race,
Could find a home no more!
Oh, ne'er may Freedom's lilied rose
With Slavery's nightshade twine:
Accursed be the unhallowed rites
At Slavery's Moloch-shrine.

Lines

Written after visiting the Ladies' Anti-Slavery Fair at Weymouth.

Our fathers, when contending for those rights which nature gave,
Cheered on by noble woman, spurned the fetters of the slave.

On many a desperate battle-field the banner of the fair,
Emblazoned by their patriot hands, and tendered with a prayer,
Went foremost in the bloody fight, and led our gallant sires
To guard that pledge of victory amidst the cannon fires.
No lame excuse was offered then, no coward took to flight;
They read in every woman's eye, "In God's name, to the fight!"
Again the flag of liberty is floating in the air,
And forth the maid and matron come the dangerous strife to share.
Again, with patient hope, they come to bear the toiling part,
Where Liberty presents a foe to show the eagle heart —
With zeal that cannot falter, and with faith that will not yield,
A firm, unbroken phalanx, that 's forever in the field;
A force that shames the tyrant, while it shakes his coward frame,
And shows him that his destiny is scorn, defeat, and shame.
And shall the sons of sires who disdained to wear a chain,
Desert the flag of Liberty, that 's now unfurled again? —
Desert the field where woman's voice awakes the thrilling cry,
And calls on all that 's man on earth to strike for Liberty?
Oh! tell it not in Plymouth, lest our father's rock should speak,
And bring a blush of crimson hue to every craven's cheek!

Oh! tell it not in Charlestown, lest the dust again have birth,
And Bunker's monument should sink beneath the heaving earth!
In vain are all those trophies which as Freedom's sons you boast,
If now you falter; liberty and honor all are lost.
Oh! never let that stigma sound above our fathers' graves,
But let our earthquake voice be heard, This land shall bear no slave!

Slavery.

(Spoken at the Weymouth Sabbath-School.)

SCENE — A plantation in South Carolina. Gasper mocking the groans of his slave, who has been whipped.

Enter Oscar.

OSCAR.— Friend Gasper, you are Southern born,
But can you mock at such a deed?
Behold your slave all gashed and torn —
(Gasper looks scornfully.) Nay, cast not here that look of scorn;
I weep to see a brother bleed.
(Gasper: "A brother!") A brother! aye, a brother: true
Our God, his Father — thine and mine —
Has made his skin of darker hue,
But to our great Creator's view
His soul may be as white as thine.
(Gasper: "Fainthearted!") "Faintheart!" you call me. Hear me, friend—
If friend I may a tyrant call:
Henceforth, whoever I offend,
'Gainst hateful slavery I 'll contend;

For Freedom stand, or with her fall!
Adieu: I leave your Southern clime;
For all the land that despots own
I would not share your cherished crime,
Nor wade amidst its sickening slime
To win a monarch's jeweled throne.
I 'll to the North, my native land,—
There Freedom's star is shining still,—
And join that firm, devoted band
Whose beacon fires, by Freedom fanned,
Illumine every rugged hill.
A curse is in your Southern sky;
A curse is on your Southern shore;
Through all your groves fell curses sigh,
And deep and hard the curse will lie
Till blighting slavery is no more!

The Fugitive Slave.

A DIALOGUE.

SCENE — Front of a cottage. Dart on the lookout.

[*Enter Deacon Thoughtful.*]

DEACON — Son, what 's the matter? what goes ill?
I thought I heard the cry of hounds.
DART — Look, father! look! along the hill —
Oh jemmy! — how that nigger bounds!
Look, father! see the fellow run;
He 's coming here, as sure 's a gun.

[*Enter slave Darewell.*]

DAREWELL — Christian, I am a runaway;
My master's hounds are on my track!
To you for mercy now I pray —
Oh! send me not to slavery back!
My strength is spent; the dogs are near;
For Christ's sake give me shelter here!

DEACON — Poor fugitive! there is a law
To fine me more than all I have,
If on myself the risk I draw
By giving shelter to a slave.
My country's laws I must not break —
No, no, not e'en for Jesus' sake.

DART — Father, let 's seize him; the reward
Is fifty dollars, all in cash.
I 'll help you tie him — here's a cord;
We 'll stop his whining with a lash.
Come, nigger, yield yourself at once,
Or with this stick I 'll break your sconce.

DAREWELL — Hear me, young ruffian — stay your hand;
I now am free, and so will die:
The dogs shall rend me where I stand
Ere I resign my liberty.
I was told Christians here reside;
May Heaven forgive my faithless guide.
[*Going.*]

DEACON — Stay, fugitive; I should be one,
For I have taken the Christian's name.
Put down your stick, my graceless son;
We both are wickedly to blame.
Should I reject his prayer, for gain,
My prayer for mercy, too, were vain.

Forgive me, brother — coward fear
Impelled me to refuse your prayer ;
But conscience whispers in my ear,
Your God and mine is everywhere.
Should you to ruin forth be driven,
How could I dare to hope for heaven ?
Come in, whate'er my means afford
Of food and shelter, here you' ll find ;
'T is the commandment of our Lord,
Denied but by the willful blind.
In sheltering you my all 's at stake ;
But yet come in, for Jesus' sake.

DAREWELL — I fain would thank you ; my full heart
Can feel, but cannot now express
The gratitude it would impart
For kindness in my deep distress ;
But He who black and white has made,
Will leave no generous act unpaid.

[*They enter the cottage. Dart alone.*]

DART — Hello ! what now — that 's not so bad,
If 't aint a passing conscience fit.
I 'm rather proud of my old Dad !
That 's what I 'm after calling grit :
'T is risking life to screen a slave.
I see that Christians can be brave.
My father 's in for 't — spurns the chink ;
Old dad 's a Christian, sure 's a gun !
They must be clever folks, I think ;
I almost wish that I was one.
To help the fellow in his need --
Hang me ! but 't was a noble deed.

I 'll put the hunters off the track,
And send them blundering through the wood;
They shall not have their victim back,
Nor feast their dogs with human blood.
My father 's right, as sure 's a gun!
Well done! old dad; well done! well done!

Nov. 21, 1857.

The Escape of the Hunted Slave.

Who is it that flies, like the rush of the wind,
O'er briar and brake, with the hunters behind?
With looks of wild terror, through forest and fen,
He springs o'er the cataract deep in the glen.

The hounds are at fault; he has baffled the snare:
Securely he lies in the catamount's lair.
There, panting and thirsty, and hungry and worn,
Lies the fugitive slave, who to freedom was born, *

Concealed till the shadows of evening appear,
When again through the forest he springs like the deer.
He follows no path; but the bright Northern star
Is his lanthorn and guide on his journey afar.

Victoria! he looks for protection to thee,
While his heart is determined to die or live free.
Oh! Thou who art mighty to rescue and save,
Give wings to the feet of the fugitive slave.

* "All men are born free and equal." — Jefferson.

The morning had dawned ere the bright lake he viewed,
As, panting for breath, by his hunters pursued,
He sprang to the boat where the ferryman stood,
But fainting and speechless, and streaming with blood.

The boatman, astonished, obeyed the mute sign;
He sprang to his oars — he pulled hard for the line.
But hark! there 's a cry from the land of the slave;
Two horsemen are calling aloud o'er the wave,—

"Return, on your life! you 've our chattel on board!"
But the boatman pulled stronger, nor answered a word.
He read his warm thanks in the fugitive's eye,
As his boat skimmed the wave like a bird in the sky.

Huzza for the slave! the keel strikes — he is free!
Blessed land! as he touched thee he sank on his knee;
His heart rose to Heaven, his lips kissed the sod —
"For freedom I thank thee, my Saviour, my God!"

Emancipation.

(Tune — Auld Lang Syne.)*

'T is done — the righteous deed is done,
Proclaimed the jubilee;
Columbia hails her faithful son,
The father of the free.

* For Chorus, repeat last two lines of each verse.

Cho. — The father of the free,
The father of the free;
Columbia hails her faithful son,
The father of the free.

Aloft the signal flag is raised,
The swift-winged tidings fly;
"Glory to God! his name be praised!"
Unnumbered tongues reply.

Fair Freedom lifts her drooping head;
A smile her tears restrain,
Though mourning still her noble dead,
Who died to break her chain.

A blessing on our chieftain's name,
Who gave the great command;
Engrave it on the rock of Fame,
"He freed his native land."

And let the list'ning nations hear,
Throughout creation's bound,
That Freedom has her dwelling here,
Her land is holy ground.

A refuge for the suff'ring poor,
A home for the oppressed,
She opens wide her friendly door,
And feeds them from her breast.

No more, his eyes with weeping dim,
The slave unpitied pines;
The stripes and stars now shelter him —
The sun of Freedom shines.

Huzza! proclaim the jubilee!
Let grateful anthems rise!
"Huzza! Columbia's land is free!"
Re-echoes through the skies.

Now let the host of traitors come,
With foreign foes allied;
One tap on Freedom's larum drum,
The world is on our side.

Abolition of Slavery in the West Indies.

When late, on Western India's shore,
The tortured slave for freedom pined,
Ah! who can tell his sorrows o'er,
To slavery's countless wrongs consigned?

No joy the morning brought to him —
To him the evening gave no rest;
His cup of grief o'erflowed the brim;
His heart was with'ring in his breast.

But hark! the voice of Mercy cries,
"Break every yoke — the oppressed set free!"
The slave lifts up his thankful eyes,
And bends to earth his grateful knee.

The chains are falling from his hands;
His heart with new-born rapture springs:
Before his God the freed man stands,
And hark! 't is Freedom's song he sings: —

"Praise to God, who ever reigns;
Praise to Him who burst our chains:
For the priceless blessing given,
Thanks, our grateful thanks, to Heaven.

Here no more the bloody scourge
Afric's fainting sons shall urge;
Here no more shall galling chains
Wear our flesh with fest'ring pains;

Here no more the frantic slave
Fly for refuge to the grave:
Freedom comes to banish fear;
Hallelujah! God is here!

Long and loud with praises fill
Deepest glen and highest hill;
Mountain peak and sea-girt shore
Echo, "Slavery's reign is o'er!"

Kindred, country, now we claim,
Praise to God's beloved name;
Father, for this jubilee
Thanks, eternal thanks, to thee!

Aug. 4, 1843.

Abolition of Slavery in the East Indies.

Again the harp of Freedom sounds;
The startled world with echo rings!
From jeweled India's farthest bounds
The ransomed millions sweep the strings.
Glory to God, the struggle's o'er!
The Indies own a slave no more.

Queen of the Isles! another gem
Is added to thy sunny brow,
The fairest in thy diadem;
It makes thee Queen of India now.
A grateful nation's freedom-cry
Bursts, like a meteor, through the sky.

What rapture now their bosoms swell!
They stretch their arms — they feel them free!
None but the ransomed tongue can tell
The joys of Freedom's jubilee.
Victoria! 'round thine honored throne
A brighter glory ne'er has shone.

The despot on his guarded bed
Shall from his dreamy slumber start,
The sword of vengeance o'er his head,
And terror in his guilty heart;
But thou, throughout thy wide domain,
Hast not a slave to curse thy reign.

The sun, that on his journey rolls,
 And o'er thine empire ne'er goes down,
That lights at times the distant poles,
 But ever smiles on Britain's crown,
 Looks down on many a despot's grave,
 But shines not on a British slave.

Columbia! will you be the last
 Oppression's iron yoke to break?
Shall scorning nations on thee cast
 The withering stigma? No — awake!
 Shake off the fetters from your knee,
 And rise from blighting slavery free!

In vain where gallant Warren bled
 You boast of victory o'er a throne:
'T is mock'ry o'er the martyred dead
 To rear the monumental stone,
 While every wind that fans their graves
 Is poisoned with the breath of slaves!

Aug. 4, 1844.

Freedom.

Written for and sung at the Anti-Slavery Picnic at Dorchester, Aug 1, 1847.

(Tune — Patriotic Fire-cry.)

Hark! the cry Emancipation!
 Freedom lifts her voice to-day:
May it echo through the nation,
 Till the hardest hearts obey —

Till the men of lofty station
At her feet their offerings lay.
Cho.— La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

On this day the notes of gladness
Rose, like incense, from the isles.
Banished was the cause of sadness —
Slavery's scourge no more defiles;
Tears that stung the brain to madness,
Freedom changed to joyful smiles.

Lift the voice with heart-emotion;
Not a note shall e'er be lost;
Freedom's hymn of pure devotion
Yet shall shake this iron coast —
Like the drops that form the ocean,
Yet shall number Freedom's host.

O'er our land while human cattle
Labor, bleed, and hope in vain,
While the despot claims his chattel,
Struggle still to break his chain.
Gird the loins! prepare for battle:
God is with us! strive again.

❋ TEMPERANCE ❋

Cold Water.

Come, listen, while I of cold water will sing —
For what with its worth can compare?
How sparkling it flows from the clear, bubbling spring,
Commingling its sweets with the air.

When, thirsty and footworn, I traveled along,
No riv'let or dwelling was there;
My poor panting dog lolled his fever-scorched tongue,
And snuffed the hot wind in despair.

When, far in the distance, a something looked bright,
Reflecting the rays of the sun,
I hastened my pace, overjoyed with delight,
While Tray started off on the run.

Though fainting and weary, I followed him near:
He plunged to his ears in the tide.
A cool, crystal fountain was bubbling up here;
I sat myself down by its side.

With prudence, I bathed both my hands and my face,
Then laid my parched lips to the brink,
And thanked the good God of the whole human race,
Who poured out his treasure in that desert place,
And gave me cool water to drink.

Nov. 25, 1848.

There Came for the Pledge.

(Tune — Erin go Bragh.)

There came for the pledge a poor victim of folly;
His face bore the marks of contention and strife:
With his children he came, his poor Oscar and Rolla,
And her, the poor sufferer, his soul-stricken wife.
Oh! sad was his heart as around him he gazèd;
His wild, staring eyes with hard drinking were glazèd;
He felt like a stranger, ashamed and amazèd,
And seemed undecided to tarry or go.

Intemperance had set her foul seal on his features,
And heart-grinding poverty claimed him her own.
You scarce could believe he was one of God's creatures,
He looked so unmanly, so wretched, and lone.
He asked for the pledge with a voice of petition,
And he eyed it all over with a look of contrition,
Till meekly he came to the prudent decision
'T were safest to sign it, and 'scape from his foe.

He stretched forth his hand, that with palsy was shaking,
And scarce could his fingers support the light pen.
He sobbed as he wrote, for his stout heart was breaking:
He signed — and again he is numbered with men.
Intently he gazed on the record before him,
While looked his poor wife as she fain would adore him,
Convinced that the pledge would to virtue restore him,
And give her own husband again to her heart.

"'T is done!" he exclaimed, while his Miriam clung 'round him,
And, kissing his fingers, his little ones stand.
"'T is done; never more shall the rum-thief — confound him! —
Grow rich by the toil of an Irishman's hand."
As one that is roused from a dream that oppresses,
And wakes to the joy of his loved ones' caresses,
So looked the reformed as his Miriam he blesses,
And vows from his promise to never depart.

There came to the church a fair daughter of Erin,
While two lovely children her footsteps attend;
'T is she, the once wretched, but now happy Miriam
Who leans on the arm of her husband and friend.
There 's a tear on her cheek from the fountain of pleasure,
A smile on her lip as she looks on her treasure;
While gratitude springs in her heart, without measure,
For blessings that blot out the memory of pain.

They came to the altar where penitents gather,
And breathe their thanksgiving to God's holy name,
That he, the loved husband, and now honored father,
Is plucked like a brand from the furnace of shame.

Oh! who that has looked on a scene so endearing,
For lucre would ruin a prospect so cheering,
And blight the fond hopes of the sweet rose of Erin,
And lure a freed soul to his fetters again?

Dec. 14, 1842.

The Sword its Many Thousands Slays.

The sword its many thousand slays,
And marble monuments arise
Engraven with the victims' praise,
And even lauding to the skies.

But those who by intemperance fall,
Consigned to earth, neglected rot —
For none are anxious to recall
The memory of a buried sot.

Though genius marked him for her own,
And generous deeds were his at times,
Genius for folly can't atone,
Nor wash away the drunkard's crimes.

If father, brother, son, or friend,
Intemperance leaves so deep a stain,
When death has sealed the drunkard's end,
None wish to hear his name again.

To hearts the drunkard caused to ache,
Remembrance ever brings a pang —
Their former suff'rings to awake,
More dreaded than the serpent's fang!

Thus, whether with the quick or dead,
The drunkard is the cause of woe:
Though tears in vain for him were shed,
They may not, will not cease to flow.

For who can think without a tear
Of one he loved, who madly gave
All that a man should value here,
To fill a loathesome drunkard's grave?

Elvira.

(Tune — Beattie's Hermit.)

'T was that time of night when the wolf quits his den,
And beings as soulless are fleecing their prey;
When silence bears rule in the dwellings of men,
And prowls the dark ruffian, to plunder or slay.

'T was that heart-sickening time when no mortal would choose
Abroad to encounter the pestilent blight;
And few would the humble man's shelter refuse,
If offered protection on that dismal night.

When traveling, I saw a poor female, alone,
In sadness pursuing her danger-girt way.
Poor wanderer! she knew me; I heard her deep moan:
'T was the drunkard's poor wife; 't was the rumseller's prey.

"Oh! whither so late are you wending," I cried,
"Surrounded by dangers, alone, and in tears?"
"I 'm seeking my husband," she sobbing replied;
"My children are starving — my own little dears!

"For my husband has been to the tavern since morn,
Carousing, and spending our earnings for rum.
He promised — but ah! he has often forsworn —
That home to his children ere night he would come.

"I heed not the dangers that lurk in my path;
I fear not for sufferings more great than I feel;
I have drank to the dregs the full cup of his wrath —
For who can the drunkard's wife's sorrows reveal?"

Poor girl! In the brightness of life's happy morn
I knew her, the loved and admired of all.
How altered — of all her sweet blandishments shorn!
How fair were her prospects — how hopeless her fall!

When married, her husband, though thoughtless, was kind,
And love, for a time, could his failings conceal,
Till rum, the destroyer of body and mind,
Begirt him with fetters far stronger than steel.

She went to the groggery; her husband was there,
Too drunk to be roused from his sleep on the floor.
The rumseller laughed at her cry of despair,
And thrust the poor sufferer away from his door.

Oh, alas! poor Elvira, thy sorrows were great;
No pen can your heart-rending anguish portray:
That heart was too soft to endure its hard fate —
The grave has closed over the rumseller's prey.

Oh! when shall that curse be expelled from our land?
Arise! O my country, and wipe out the stain,
That mothers and children no longer may stand
Beseeching the rumseller's mercy in vain!

The earth with the blood of the victims is red;
The pestilence springs from their viperous lair;
The ocean is paved with the bones of their dead,
While thousands are falling each day in the snare.

Through all our wild Rambles.

(Tune — Sweet Home.)

Through all our wild rambles in search after bliss,
Experience informs us there 's no place like this: *

* Alluding to a temperance meeting, the author being present.

A charm for the soul seems to hallow the place,
And open our hearts to the whole human race.
This? yes, this; 't is this — there 's no place like this;
There 's no place like this!

A brother who breaks from his festering chain,
And seeks for that freedom he scarce hopes to gain,
Kind friends and protection will find in this hall,
And freedom of speech that 's awarded to all.
This? yes, this; 't is this — there 's no place like this;
There 's no place like this!

The slave of Intemperance, though chained to her car
As victors of old dragged their trophies of war,
If he would be free let him whisper our call;
We' ll tender the pledge, and his fetters will fall.
This? yes, this; 't is this — there 's no charm like this;
There 's no charm like this!

To all we the hand of affection extend,
And hail every man as a brother and friend;
The seal of our God on his forehead we trace,
And ask not his title, his sect, or his race.
This? yes, this; 't is this; there 's no seal like this;
There 's no seal like this!

Men, women, and children, together we join
To drive out the curse of rum, brandy, and wine,
Experience assures us that Temperance is bliss;
Then come to her altar, there 's no place like this.
This? yes, this; 't is this; there 's no place like this;
There's no place like this!

The Poor Lone Orphan Boy.

(Tune — The Bereaved Slave-Mother.)

Away from the home to his infancy known,
The poor child of the drunkard to fortune is thrown;
Alone and forsaken, by grief overtaken,
The poor, lone orphan boy.

No mother consoles him in sorrow or pain,
And the voice of his father he hears not again,
Alone in the city — an object of pity,
The poor, lone orphan boy.

He pines for the home where he sported at will,
And his mother, though base, was his own mother still.
That name to his brain clings; 't is bound to the heart-
strings
Of the lone orphan boy.

The grave has closed over his hope and his joy,
And he wanders the fatherless, motherless boy.
Surrounded by danger, he sees but the stranger,
The poor, lone orphan boy.

Guilt opens her portals; he enters her door:
Who now will defend him or seek to restore?
The law will consign him — the bolts will confine him,
The poor, lone orphan boy.

What hope now remains to redeem his lost name?
He 's consigned to the lodge of corruption and shame.
Death soon ends his career, and no eye sheds a tear
For the lone orphan boy.

Oh! you who have children, suppose it your case,
And in fancy behold your own child in his place!
Intemperance pursuing may bring to like ruin
Your poor, lone orphan boy.

Wirt.

A drunkard lay upon the ground,
A noble wreck abandoned there;
And not a friendly hand was found
To screen him in his deep despair.

A maiden passed of peerless grace,
And, while her bosom heaved a sigh,
She with her kerchief veiled his face,
Sealed with a pearl-drop from her eye.

Another eye the act had seen,
And Wirt, to sense restored, was told;
Her name was on the kerchief screen,—
A name that should be blazed in gold.

That name had sunk into his heart,
 Expelling all that had enslaved:
He vowed to act the manly part,
 Reformed — and noble Wirt was saved!

Oh! what a glorious prize was here,
 To woo and win that peerless maid!
Two hearts, cemented with a tear,
 Were on Love's holy altar laid.

The Mourning Wife.

(Tune — From a Ruin thou art Singing.)

On the hearthstone she sits weeping,
 Poor, hapless, mourning wife:
Over her pale cheeks are creeping
 Tears that drain the fount of life.
Why sits she lonely in her tears,
 With dread forebodings rife?
Why looks she struggling with her fears,
 Poor hapless, mourning wife —
Poor hapless, mourning wife!

Her fair hopes have all departed
 Since he who was her pride
Has made her broken-hearted —
 She is now the drunkard's bride.
To her the future, drear and dim,
 Admits no hope in life;

Her joys were centred all in him,
Poor hapless, mourning wife —
Poor hapless, mourning wife!

Stay, O man, to ruin winging;
Hear Mercy's voice in time:
Another 's to thee clinging;
Must she perish by thy crime?
Repent, the wretched thing thou art,
For her once dear as life;
Bring back her husband to her heart,
Poor hapless, mourning wife —
Poor hapless, mourning wife!

Tea-Party Song.

Written for a Washingtonian Tea Party, in Weymouth.

(Tune — The Guardian Genius of the Swiss.)

For temperance here again we meet,
And wake the cheerful strain;
Our pledge of constancy repeat,
And seal it o'er again.
We love the cause; it cheers the soul,
And bids the spirit soar
Above the passions' wild control,
To be a slave no more.

Where'er the temperance flag is borne
A band of brothers rise,

And smiling Plenty lifts her horn,
 And Vice, uprooted, flies.
Industry, Health, and Joy, and Peace
 On Temperance still attend;
She bids the selfish passions cease—
 Makes man to man a friend.

She spreads her mantle o'er the poor,
 And warms the widow's hearth;
Her silver key unlocks the door,
 And lets the prisoner forth.
Around the world she sweeps her wings,
 Dispensing, as she flies,
The thousand blessings that she brings
 As presents from the skies.

Beneath her care the cottage smiles,
 And quiet reigns around;
Successful Art her treasure piles,
 And safety still is found.
For all these blessings she bestows
 May grateful thanks ascend
To Him from whom all goodness flows,
 Our Father, and our Friend.

Sure, Won't You Hear?

(Tune — Something like a Parody on "Tid re I; or, Paddy's Wedding.")

Sure, won't you hear what jovial cheer
 We had in Norfolk County, O,

And how, so gay, we spent the day,
From morning to the evening, O?
First, heart in hand, came Father Spear, *
Good tidings always bringing, O;
While with the merry urchins' cheer
The swarming grove was ringing, O.

At the very moment that Father Spear heard there was to be a picnic in the grove, he went up to brother R. A. Hunt's, and told him all about it; who jumped up in a giffy, put on his coat, and started off for the South Weymouth band, which came in fine style, playing a sweet little sort of a

Li fal la, and li fal li, and li fal la,
So lively, O.

Now, there was John, and Simeon,
Elias, Sam, and Peter, O,
And Martin K., and F. M. A.,
Who sings about the creature, O.
And then the girls, the lovely dears,
Led on while bells were dinging, O,
While with the merry urchins' cheers
The swarming grove was ringing, O.

Brother Jewett, it must have done your heart good to see the little boys and girls, stepping gaily along in rows of half a dozen, one after another, keeping time with the music that was marching on before, playing up a sweet little sort of a

Li fal la, and li fal li, and li fal la,
So lively, O.

* Rev. J. M. Spear, the leader of the Cold Water Army.

When one was asked would temperance last,
He pointed into his pockets, O;
With a knowing wink he tapped the chink,
And quoted David Crockett, O:
"We know we 're right," and now, my dears,
"We 'll go ahead," all singing, O,
While with the merry urchins' cheers
The swarming grove is ringing, O.

When the company were all assembled Father Spear made a speech, setting forth the beauties of Temperance, and recommending "moral suasion" as the best method to induce people to sign the pledge, and unite together in love and harmony. No sooner had he mentioned the word love, than the lads and lasses began to cast "sheeps'-eyes" at each other, and every one showed by their looks that they didn't need either moral or legal suasion to induce them to love each other with all their hearts; while the musicians, who were seated in a charming bower, struck up a sweet little sort of a

Li fal la, and li fal li, and li fal la,
So lively, O.

"When a sober set, for *temperance* met,
Drank deep," says the reporter, O,
"While cakes and fruit, with pies to boot,
Were drowned in sparkling water, O.
Then 'round, to be sure, didn't go the jeers
At the rummy's cost — so stinging, O!
While with the merry urchins' cheers
The swarming grove was ringing, O."

For the Committee, d' ye see, were resolved to do the thing in a genteel way. So they invited all comers to partake freely of the good things set before them; and the way they took hold of the cakes, pies, plums, apples, pears, peaches, etc., was a caution to all people how they place good food and drink before temperance folks; for their appetites, *always good*, held out till the musicians, who had just done smacking their lips, began playing up a sweet little sort of a

Li fal la, and li fal li, and li fal la,
So lively, O.

And then, at last — oh, unsurpassed! —
The merry joys of dancing, O:
An upper-crust ball was nothing at all
Compared with the style of their prancing, O,
And then to see good Father Spear
So pleased, while they were winging, O!
While with the merry urchins' cheers
The swarming grove was ringing, O.

Before they had finished their dancing, old go-to-bed Sol had retired behind the hills, and the full moon looked down with her beautiful face on the happy group below, who, by their looks, speech, and actions pronounced the whole affair to have been one of the best that was ever enacted for the happiness of the young, the confirmation of the old, and the promotion and encouragement of the good old cause of total abstinence from all that can intoxicate the brain, enfeeble the body, or corrupt the mind; while the mingling together of happy hearts, the brotherly and sisterly exchange of kind sentiments, to-

gether with the cheering exercise, made every one feel that they were all the better for the picnic, and at every gap in the ceremonies the joyful music struck up a sweet little sort of a

Li fal la, and li fal li, and li fal la,
So lively, O.

While ending, now prepared to go,
Three cheers for sparkling water, O,
While firm they pledge the temperance wedge
To drive, and show no quarter, O.
And then, enough to crack your ears,
All hands set up a singing, O,
While with the merry urchins' cheers
The swarming grove was ringing, O.

So, when they had all got through with their frolic, and resolved to have another next year, they started off in high glee, laughing and singing as they went along, and making the hills and valleys re-echo with their glad voices, mingled with the soul-stirring music of the retiring band, that every now and then struck up a sweet little sort of a

Li fal la, and li fal li, and li fal la,
So lively, O.

The Mother's Curse.

Oh, the drunkard's horrid life!
If he has a brother,
Father, sister, child, or wife,
If he has a mother,

What must their affliction be,
What their pain and grief, to see
One who should their comfort be,

Every sign of reason gone,
On the highway tumbling down —
 Lying in the gutter;
Trying, incoherently,
 Filthy speech to utter!

With delirium tremens crazed,
Blood-red eyes, with frenzy glazed,
Spotted red with whiskey-stains,
Misanthropic, addled brains —
Frighted with the horrid glare
Of demons' eyes, that everywhere
Haunt him with their mocking stare!

Waking from a drunken course,
What must be his dread remorse! —
Conscience, like a barbèd dart,
 Tearing through his brain,
Cutting through his guilty heart,
 Burning every vein!

What a horrid life he leads,
Thinking of his evil deeds!
Not a sign of comfort there;
All is darkness and despair.
He, of all mankind, can tell
What the torturing pangs of hell;
These he knows, alas! too well.

Oh! the drunkard's dreadful end,
Lying all forlorn!
Scarce a mourner or a friend
'Midst the gazing throng:
And if o'er him tears be shed,
'T is not that he now lies dead,
But that he had been born,
Or that he lived so long!

Hark! upon the moaning gale,
Lo, I hear the mother's wail—
Wailing o'er her ruined son,
Now his dreadful course is run—
Fearing for his future state,
Mourning o'er her cruel fate.

Hark! upon my startled ear,
Sounds of agony and fear,
Like a trumpet, shrill and clear!
Grief and horror in her eyes.
"Curse the rumseller!" she cries,
"He who God and man defies!"

Oh! that mother's dreadful curse!
Can there be a torture worse
Than that rumseller must feel,
Though his heart were hard as steel?

Wheresoe'er the wretch may be,
On the land or on the sea,
He must hear that awful sound
Ever echoing around:

"May the evil he has wrought
All on his own head be brought!
May he die a wretched sot,
On a dunghill lie and rot!
May no tears for him be shed;
May no prayers for him be said;
Curse him living, curse him dead!"

Think not that poor mother's wail,
Her sad cry of pain,
Dies unheeded on the gale;
There's an ever list'ning ear
That poor suff'rer's cry will hear —
Hear, and not in vain.
Her dread curse may cling to thee
Like a loathsome leprosy —
Like the mark on Cain!

June 7, 1873.

The Mother.

She knelt beside the lonely grave,—
Affection well had marked the spot,—
And her's the only prayer to save
His soul who died a loathsome sot.
Why bends she there, with weeping eyes,
O'er that despised, polluted one?
Speak soft; her prayer to Heaven will rise,—
A mother prays to save her son.

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